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Promos and Cassandra.



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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Promos and Cassandra

By GEORGE WHETSTONE

Date of first publication 1578

[*British Museum, C. 34, e. 42*]

Reproduced in Facsimile 1910

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Promos and Cassandra

By GEORGE WHETSTONE

1578

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of
THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

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Promos and Cassandra

By GEORGE WHETSTONE

1578

Besides the British Museum copy (the original of this facsimile reprint), there are examples in the Bodleian Library at Oxford and at Trinity College, Cambridge. No other edition is known.

The author's preface and the note of "The Printer to the Reader" disclose certain bibliographical facts which it is unnecessary to reiterate here. It will also be seen on reference to G ii that the second part commences with a fresh title.

The author's record is to be found in its proper place in the "Dictionary of National Biography." George Whetstone was a voluminous writer of no little repute in his day.

Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, after comparing this facsimile with the original copy, says "a first-rate facsimile . . . as good as any in the whole series."

JOHN S. FARMER.

THE RIGHT EXCEL-
lent and famous Histoyre , of
Promos and Cassandra:

Deuided into two Coincicall
Discourses.

In the fyrste parte is showne , the
vnsufferable abuse, of a lewde Magistrate:
The vertuous behauours of a chaste Ladye:
The uncontrowled leawdenes of a fauoured
Curtisan.
And the vndeserued estimation of a pernici-
ous Parasyte .

In the second parte is discoursed,
the perfect magnanimitye of a noble Kinge ,
in checking Vice and faouuringe Vertue:
Wherein is showne , the Ruyne and ouer-
thowe, of dishonest practises: with the ad-
uauncement of uppight dealing.

*The worke of George
Whetstones Gent.
Formæ nulla fides.*

TO HIS WORSHIPFULL
riende, and Kinsman, *William*
Fleetewoode Esquier, Recorder
of London.



Yr , (desirous , to acquire
your tryed frendships, with some token
of good will:) of late I perused diuers of
my vnperfet workes , fully minded to
bestowe on you , the trauell of some of
my forepast time. But(resolued to ac-
companye , the aduenturous Captaine,
Syr *Humphrey Gylbert* , in his honorable
voiadge,) I found my leysure too littel , to correct the errors
in my sayd workes. So that (inforced) I left them disparsed , a-
monge my learned frendes, at theyr leasure, to polish , if I faid
to returne: spoyling (by this meanes) my studie of his necessa-
rye furnyture. Amonge other vnguarded papers , I fownde
this Discourse of *Promos* and *Cassandra*: which, for the rarenesse,
(& the neccful knowledge) of the necessary matter contained
therein (to make the actions appeare more liuely ,) I deuided
the whole history into two Comedies: for that, *Decorum* vsed,
it wold not be conuayde in one. The effects of both, are good
and bad: virtue intermyxt with vice , vnlawfull desyres (yf it
were possible) queancht with chaste denyals: al needful actions
(I thinke) for publike vewe: For by the rewarde of the good,
the good are encouarged in wel doinge: and with the scowrge
of the lewde, the lewde are feared from euill attempts: maine-
tayning this my oppinion with *Platos* auctority . *Nawghtis-
nesse , commes of the corruption of nature , and not by readinge or
bearinge the lynes of the good or lewde (for such publication is necessarye,)
but goodnessse (sayib he) is beautifyed by either action . And to*
these

The Epistle Dedicatore.

these endes : *Menander*, *Plautus*, and *Terence*, them selues many yeares since intombed,(by their Commedies) in honour, liue at this daye . The auncient *Romanes*, heald these shewes offsuche pride, that they not onely allowde the publike exercise of them, but the graue Senators themselues countenaunced the Actors with their presence: who from these trifles wonne mорallytye , as the Bee suckes honny from weedes. But the aduised deuises of auncient Poets , discredited; with the tryfels of yonge, vnauided, and rashe witted wryters , hath brought this commendable exercise in mislike. For at this daye, the *Italian* is so lasciuious in his comedies , that honest heartes are greeued at his actions : the *Frenchman* and *Spaniarde* folowes the *Italians* humor : the *Germaine* is too holyc : for he presentes on euerye common Stage, what Preachers should pronounce in Pulpets. The *Englishman* in this quallitie, is most vaine, indiscreete, and out of order : he fyrt groundes his worke, on impossibilities: then in three howers ronnes he throwe the worlde: marries, gets Children , makes Children men , men to conquer kingdomes , murder Monsters , and bringeth Gods from Heauen, and fetcheth Diuels from Hel. And (that which is worst)their ground is not so vnperfect, as their workinge indiscreete : not wayng, so the people laugh, though they laugh them (for theyr follyes) to scorne : Manye tymes (to make mirthe)they make a Clowne companion with a Kinge : in theyr graue Counsels, they allow the aduise of fooles: yea they vse one order of speach for all persons: a grose *Indecorum*, for a Crowe, wyll yll counterfeit the Nightingales sweete voice : euen so, affected speeche doth misbecome a Clowne. For to worke a Cōmedie kindly, graue olde men, should instruct: yonge men, should shewe the imperfections of youth: Strumpets should be lasciuious: Boyes vnhappy: and Clownes, should speake disorderlye: entermingling all these actions, in such sorte, as the graue matter, may instruct: and the pleasant, delight : for without this chaunge , the atten-

The Epistle Dedicatorye.

attention, would be small: and the likinge, lesse.

But leaue I this rehearsal, of the vse , and abuse of Commedies: least that, I checke that in others , which I cannot amend in my selfe. But this I am assured , what actions so euer passeth in this History , either merry, or mortefull: graue, or lasciuious: the conclusion shewes, the confusion of Vice, and the cherising of Vertue. And sythe the end tends to this good, although the worke(because of euel handlinge) be vnworthy your learned

Censure, allowe (I beseeche you) of my good wyll,vntyl

leasure serues me , to perfect , some labour of more

worthe. No more, but that, almightye God

be your protector , and preserue me

from dainger,in this voiadge, the

xxix. of July. 1578.

(. . .)

Your Kinsman to vse,
George Whetstone.

The Printer to the Reader.

**E**ntle Reader, this labour of Maister Whetstons, came into my handes, in his fyrt抄py, whose leasure was so lyttle (being then reade to depart his country) that he had no time to worke it a new, nor to geue apt instructions, to prynte so difficult a worke, beyng full of variety, both matter, speache, and verse: for that euery sundry Auctor, hath in all these a sundry grace: so that, if I comitt an errore, without blaming the Auctor, amend my amisse; and if by chaunce, thou light of some speache that seemeth dark, consider of it with iudgement, before thou condemne the worke: for in many places he is diuen, both to praise, and blame, with one breath, whitch in readinge wil seeme hard, & in actio, appeare plaine. Using this courtesy,
I shold my paynes wel satisfiyyed, and Maister Whetston vniurede: and for my owne part, I wil not faile to procure such bookees, as may profit thee with delight.

(..)

Thy friend. R. I.

The Argument of the whole Historye.

 In the Cittie of *Julio* (sometimes vnder the dominion of *Corninus Kinge of Hungarie, and Boemia*) there was a law, that what man so euer committed Adultery, should lose his head, & the woman offender, should weare some disguised apparel, during her life, to make her infamouslye noted. This feuere lawe, by the fauour offorne mercifull magistrate, became little regarde, vntill the time of Lord *Promos* auctorite: who coouicting, a yong Gentleman named *Andrugio* of incontinency, condemned, both him, and his minion to the execution of this statute. *Andrugio* had a very vertuous, and beawtiful Gentlewoman to his Sister, named *Cassandra*: *Cassandra* to enlarge her brothers life, submitted an humble petition to the Lord *Promos*: *Promos* regarding her good behauours, and fantasfyng her great beawtie, was much delighted with the sweete order of her talke; and doyng good, that euill might come thereof: for a time, he reptyd her brother: but wicked man, tourning his liking vnto vnlawfull lust, he set downe the spoile of her honour, raunsome for her Brothers life: Chaste *Cassandra*, abhorring both him and his sute, by no perswasion would yeald to this raunsome. But in fine, wonne with the importunitye of hirbrother(pleading for life:) vpon these condicions, she agreeed to *Promos*. First that he should pardon her brother, and after marry her. *Promos* as feareles in promise, as carelesse in performance, with sollemne vowe, sygned her conditions: but worse then any Ifydel, his will satisfyed, he performed neither the one nor the other: for to keepe his auctorite: , vnspotted with fauour, and to preuent *Cassandraes* clamors, he commaunded the Gayler secrety, to present *Cassandra* with her brothers head. The Gayler, with the outcryes of *Andrugio*, (abhorryng *Promos* lewdenes, by the prouidence of God, prouided thus for his safety. He presented *Cassandra* with a Felons head newlie executed, who (being mangled, knew it not from her brothers, by the Gayler, who was set at libertie) was so agreed

The Argument of the whole Historie.

ued at this trecherye, that at the pointe to kyl her selfe, she spared that stroke, to be auenged of *Promos*. And deuisyng a way, she concluded, to make her fortunes knowne vnto the kinge. She (executinge this resolution) was so highly fauoured of the King, that forthwith he hasted to do Iustice on *Promos*: whose iudgement was, to marrye *Cassandra*, to repaire her crafed Honour: which donne, for his hainous offence he should lose his head. This maryage solempnised, *Cassandra* tyed in the greatest bondes of affection to her husband, became an earnest suter for his life: the Kinge (tendringe the generall benefit of the cōmon weale, before her special ease, although he fauoured her much) would not graunt her sute. *Andrugio* (disguised amonge the company) sorrowing the grieve of his sister, bewrayde his safetye, and craued pardon. The Kinge, to renouoe the vertues of *Cassandra*, pardoned both him, and *Promos*. The circumstan-
ces of this rare Historie, in action
lyuelye followeth.
(.:)



The Historie, or Promos and Cassandra.

Actus. I. Scena. I.

Promos, Mayer, Shirife, Swordebearer: One with a
bunche of keyes: Phallax, Promos man.

Du Officers which now in *Inuis* staye,
Know you our leadge, the King of Hungarie:
Sent me Promos, to ioyne with you in sway:
That syll we may to Iustice haue an eye.
And now to shew, my rule & power at lardge,
Attentioelite, his Letters Pattents heare:
Phallax, reade out my Soueraines chardge.
Phal. As you commaunde, I wyll: givē hēdefull eare.

¶ Phallax readeth the Kinges Letters Patents, which must be
fayre written in parchment, with some great counterfeat zeale.

PRO. Loe, here you see what is our Soueraignes wyl,
Loe, heare his wyl, that right, not might, beare sway:
Loe, heare his care, to wāde from god the vll,
To scōrge the wights, god Lawes that disobay.
Such zeale he beares, vnto the Common weale,
(How so he byds, the ignoraunt to sauē)
As he commaundes, the lewde derigo: fāle.
Such is his wyl, such is my wyll to haue:
And such a Judge, here Promos bowes to be,
No wylfull wrōng, Sharpe punishment shall mylfe,
The simple thrall, halbe iudgde with mercie,
Each shall be downbde, even as his merite is:
Lone shall not staye, nor hate reuenge procure,
He yet shall Coyne, corrupt o: fesser wrōng:
I do protest, whylike that my charge indure,
For friende nor foe, to singe a partall song.

Thus haue you heard, holwe my Commision goes,
Be absent, I present our Soueraigne syll:
It aunsweres then, each one his dutie shawes,
To me, as hym, what I commaunde and wyll.

Lone, hate
and gaine,
the causes
of Inuis.
stice.

W. s.

Ma. Woz.

The Historie

Ma. Worthy Deputie, at thy chardges we lave,
We doe submitte our selues, to woxke thy heast:
Receyue the sword of Iustice to destroy,
The wicked imps, and to defende the rest.
Shri. Our City keyes, take woxk Listenant heare,
We doe committe our safetie to thy head:
Thy wyse foresight, will keepe vs boyde of feare,
Yet wyll we be assistant still at neare.
Pro. Both Sworde and Heies, vnto my Princes vle,
I do receyue and gladlie take my chardge.
It resteth nowe, for to reforme abuse,
We poynt a tyme, of Councell more at lardge,
To treate of which, a whyle we wyll depart.

All speake. To woxke your wyll, we yelde a wylling hart. *Exeunt.*

Actus. I. Scena. 2.

Lamia, a Curtizane, entreth synging.

The Song. *Al* a flaunt now vaunt it, braue wenche cast away care,
With Layes of Loue chaunt it, for no cost see thou spare:

¶Sith Nature hath made thee, with bewty most braue,
Sith Fortune doth lade thee, with what thou wouldest haue.
Ere Pleasure doth vade thee, thy selfe set to sale:
All wantons wyll trade thee, and stowpe to thy stale.

All a flaunt, *Ut Supra.*

¶Yong Rufers maintaines thee, defends thee and thine,
Olde Dottrels retaines thee, thy Beuties so shine:
Though many dildaynes thee, yet none maye thee tuch:
Thus Enuie refraynes thee, thy countenaunce is such.

All a flaunt, *Ut Supra:*

¶Triumphe

of Promos and Cassandra.

Thumphe sayre *Lamia* now, thy wanton flag aduaunce,
Set forth thy selfe to bravest shew, bost thou of happy chaunce: *Shee speake-keith.*
Gyde, accompt thou thy selfe the thiefe, of Lady Pleasures traine,
Thy face is faire, thy forme cōtent, thy foytunes both doth staine.
Euen as thou wouldest, thy house doth stane, thy furniture is gay,
Thy wedres are brane, thy face is fine, & who soz this doth paye?
Thou thy selfe no, the rushing Ponthes, & bathe in Wanton blisse,
Yea, olde and docting soles sometimes, do helpe to paye soz this.
Frē cost betwene them both I haue, all this soz my behoue,
I am the sterne, y gides their thoughts, loke what I like, they loue
Few of them sturre, that I byd staire, if I bid go, they flye:
If I on soe pursue reuenge, Alarne a hundred crye.
The bravest I their harts, their handes, their purses holde at wyl,
Joynde with the credite of the best, to bowlster mee in yll.
But se wher as my trustie man, doth run, what newes bringes hee?

Actus. I. Scena. 3.

Rosko (*Lamias man*) *Lamia*.

R Of. God people, did none of you, my mistresse *Lamia* see?
L. *Rosko*, what newes, that in such hastie you come blowinge?
R. Mistresse, you must shut vp your shops, & leauue your occupy,
L. What so they be, foolish knaue, tell mee true? *(ing.)*
R. Oh yll, for thirkie besydes you.
L. For mee good fellowe, I praye thee why so?
R. Be patient Mistresse, and you shall knowe,
L. Go too, saye on:
R. Marrie, right nowe at the Sessions I was,
And thirkie must to *Truffum corde* go.
Among the which (I weape to shewe) alas:
L. Why, what's the matter man?
R. O *Andrugio*,
For louing too kindlie, must loose his heade,
And his sweete hart, must weare the shamefull weedes:
Dydainde for Dames, that fall throughly fleschly deedes.

Wg *La. Is*

The Historie

La. Is this offence, in question come againe?
Well, tell, no more, 'tys tyme this tale were done:
She, sa, holme swone, my triumphe turnes to paine.

Ros. Mistresse, you promised to be quiet,
For Gods sake, for your swone sake, be so

La. Alas poor Rosko, our dayntie dyet,
Our bzauerie and all we must forgo.

Ros. I am sozie.

La. Yea, but out alas, sorrowe wyl not serue:
Rosko, thou must needes prouide thē else wherē,
My gaynes are past, yea, I my selfe might starue:
Sauē that, I did prouide for a deare yeare.

Ros. They rewarde say, e(their harvest in the stacke,)
When winter comes, that byd their seruants packe.
Alas Mistresse, if you turne me off now,
Wetter then a Rose, none wyl me allowe.

La. Thou shal haue a Paspoerte,

Ros. Yea, but after what sorte?

La. Why, that thou wart my man.

Ros. O the Judge, sylve shoues the fauour,
To let one thēse, bayle another:
Tush I know, ere long you so wyl fly awaye,
As you, for your selfe, must seeke some testimony
Of your god lyfe.

La. Neuer feare: honestly
Lamia nowe meanes to lyue, even tyll she dye.

Ros. As iumpe as Apes, in vewe of Nuttes to daunce,
Bytte wyl to kinde, of custome, or by chaunce:
Well, howe so you stande vpon this holy poyns,
For the thing you knowe, you wyl ieobarde a toynt.

La. Admitte I woulde, my hazarde were in vaine.

Ros. Perhappes I know, to turne the same to gaine.

La. Thou comforts me, god Rosko, tell me howe:

Ros. You wyl be honest, 'twere syn to hinder you.

La. I dyd but ieast, god swēte seruant tell me.

Ros. Swēte seruant now, and late, pack syz, god bwyl ye.

La. Tush

of Promos and Cassandra.

La. Wush, to trye thy vnwillingnesse, I dyd but ieast.

Ros. And I do but trye, how long you woulde be honest.

La. I thought thy talkie was to swete to be true.

Ros. Yea, but meant you, to byd honestie adue?

La. No, I dyd so long since, but inforste by nede,

To byd him welcome heme againe, I was decrete.

Ros. Verie god, Mistresse, I know your minde,

And for your ease, this remedie I finde:

Pryng abydaude, for playe fellowes and such,

For you Mistresse, I hearde of one Phallax,

A man estrinde, of Promos verie much:

Of whose nature, I was so holde to are,

And I smelt, he lou'd lase mutton well.

La. And what of this?

Ros. Marry of this, if you the waye can tell

To towle him home, he of you wyll be fayne.

Whose countenaunce, wyll so excuse your faultes.

As none for life, dare of your lyke complaine.

La. A god beuice, God graunt vs god successe;

But I praye the, what trade doth he professer?

Ros. He is a paltrie petyfogger.

La. All the better, suspition wyll be the lesse.

Well, go thy wayes, and if thou him espye,

Tell him from me, that I a cause or two.

Woulde put to him, at leysture wyllinglie.

Ros. Hir case is so common, that smal pleading wyl serue,

I go (nay ronne) your commaundement to obserue.

La. Aye me alas, lesse Phallax helpe, poore wench vndone I am:

My foes no[n]e in the winde, wyll Iye to woake my open shaine:

How envious eyes will prie abydaude, offendres to intrap,

Of force now Lamia, must be chaste, to shun a moze mishap.

And wanton girle, how wilt thou shifte, for garments fine and gay?

For dainty fare, can cras[t]s cōtent? Who shal thy houserent pay?

And that delights the most of all, thou must thy dalliance leave?

And can then the force of lawe, or death, thy minde of loue bereave?

In good faith, no: the wight that once, hath tast the fruits of loue,

Untill hir dying daye will long, Sir Chancers iessts to proue.

*The scourge
of lawe
(and not
zeale) kee-
peth the
lewde in
awe.*

The Historic

Actus. I. Sce. 4.

Lamias mayde, Lamia.

M Ay. Forsooth Mistris your thraule stayes for you at home,
La. Were you borne in a myll, curtoise? you prate so hye:
May. The gentleman, that came the last day with Captain Prie:
La. What young Hipolito?
May. Cuen he.
La. Least he be gone, home hye:
And will Dalia pop him in the weather rōme,
And keēpe the falling dōre close till I come:
And tell my thraule his fortune wyl not staye.
May. Wyll you ought else? Exet.
La. Prayng biren away.
Gallants adue, I venter must Hipolito to sē,
He is both young and welthy yet, the better spoyle for me.
Note My bassard for his sake I trave, shall make him pray and pay:
He:he:shal pranck me in my plumes, and deck me braue and gay,
Of Curtisie, I praye you yet, if Phallax come this waye,
Report to put a case with him, heare Lamia long dyd staye.

Exet.

Actus. 2. Scena. 1.

Cassandra, a mayde,

The force
of loue.

Caſſ. Aye mee, vnhappy wenche, that I must live the day,
To ſee Andrugio fyneles dye, my brother and my stay.
The onely meane, God wot, that ſhould our houſe aduaunce,
Who in the hope of his god hap, muſt dy through wanton chance:
D blynde affectes in loue, whose tormentes none can tell,
Yet wantons wyll byde fyre, and frost, yea bassard death, nay hell:
To taste thy ſowre ſweete frutes, digested thyll with care,
Fowle fall thee loue, thy lightning toyes, hath blaſted my welfare
Thou fyerſt affection fyſt, within my brothers brest.

Thou

of Promos and Cassandra.

Thou mad'st Peleus graunt hym (ear^t) even what he woud request:
Thou mad'st him crave and haue, a pwole of Venus meede,
For which soule act he is adiudgd, care long to lose his heade.
The lawe is so severe, in scourging fleshly sinne,
As marriage to Worke after incends doth seldom fawor win.
A law first made of zeale, but w^erested much amiss.
Faults shold be measured by desart, but all is one in this, *A good
lawe yll,*
The lecher syerd with lust, is punished no more,
Then he which fol through force of loue, whose mariage salues his execute^d,
So that pwore I dispayze, of my Andrugios lyfe, *(ioye:*
O wold my dages myght end with his, so to appease my stryle.

Actus. 2. Scena. 2.

Andrugio in prison, Cassandra.

An. My god Syster Cassandra
Cass. Who calleth Cassandra
An. Thy wosfull brother Andrugio.
Cas. Andrugio, O dismall day, what grases doe mee assayle?
Condemned wretch to see th^e here, fass fettered now in Tayle,
How haps thy wits were witched so, y knowing death was meede
Thou wouldest commit (to slay vs both) this vile lacivious deede.
An. O god Cassandra, leane to check, and chide me thraule therfore
I late repentaunce, wrought me helpe I wold doe so no more.
But out alas, I wretch, too late, doe so rōlve my amys,
Unles Lord Promos graunt me grace: in bayne is badywist,
Wherfore sweete sister, whylst in hope, my dāpned lyfe yet were,
Assaulte his hart, in my behalfe, with battering tyre of feares.
If thou by lute doest saue my lyfe, it both our toyes will be,
If not it may suffice thou soughst, to set thy brother free:
Wherfore spedde to p^rov^roge my dages, to morrow we else I dye.
Cas. I wyll not sayle to please and praye, to purchase the mercye,
Farewell awhyle, God graunte mee well to speede.
An. Syster adew, tyl thy returne, I lyue, twene, hope, and dreede,
Cass,

The Historie

Cas. Oh happy tyme, see where Lord Promos comest
Now tongue addresse thy selfe, my minde to wray.
And yet least halfe worke waste, I hold it best,
In couert, for some aduaantage, to stay.

Actus. 2. Scena. 3.

Promos with the Shrieff and their Officers.

Pro. Tis strange to thinke, what swarms of vnthrifts live,
Within this towne, by rapine spoyle and theft:
That were it not, that Justice ofte them grēue,
The just mans goods, by Ruylers shoulde be rest.
At this our Syse, are thirty iudge to dye,
Whose falles I see, their fellowes smally feare:
So that the way, is by seuerity.
Such wicked wodes, enen by the rootes to teare:
Wherefore Shrieff, execute with spādy pace,
The dampnēd wightes, to cutte of hope of Grace.

Cassandra to her selfe, Shrieff. It shalbe done.

She knee-
ling spea-
kes to
Promos.

Cas. Dernell words they make my hart to blēde,
Now, now, I must, this dome seeke to reuoke,
Least grace come short, when starued is the neede:
Most mighty Lord, & worthy Judge, thy iudgement sharpe abate,
Wile thou thine eares, to heare the plaint, that wretched I relate,
Behold the wosull Syster here, of poore Andrugio,
Whom though that lawe awardeth death, yet mercy do him shew:
May his yong yeares, the force of loue, which forced his amis,
May, may, that Marriage, works amends, for what committed is,
He hath deselbe no nuptial bed, nor forced rape hath mou'd.
He fel through loue, who never ment, but wiue y wight he lou'd.
And wātons sure, to haue in awe, these Statutes first were made,
Or none but lustfull leachers, shoulde, with rygrous law be payd.
And yet to adde intent thereto, is farre from my pretence,
I sue with teares, to wyp him grace, that sorrows his offence.

Wherefore

of Promos and Cassandra.

Wherof oze herein, renowned Lorde, Justice with pitte payse:
Whiche two in equal ballance waide, to heauē your fame will raise.
Pro. Cassandra, leue of thy bootelesse sute, by law he hath bene triide,
Lawe sounde his faulfe, Lawe iudgde him death:

Cas. Yet this mayc be replide,
That law a mischiefe oft permits, to keepe due forme of laine,
That lawe small faultes, with greatest dwones, to keepe men up in
Pet Kings, or such as execute, regall authozitie: (awe:

It mends be made, may ouer rule, the force of lawe with mercie.

Here is no wylful murder wrought, which arcth blod againe,
Andrugios faulfe may valued be, Mariage wipes out his stayne.

Pro. Faire Dame, I see þ naturall zeale, thou bearest to Andrugio,

And soz thy sake (not his deserft) this fauour wyll I shoue:

I wyll reprise him yet a whyle, and on the master pawse,

To morro'we you shall lycence haue, a fresh to pleade his cause:

Shrieve execute my chardge, but staye Andrugio,

Untill that you in this behalfe, more of my pleasure knowe.

Shri. I wyll perforne your wyll:

Cas. O most worthy Magistrate, my selfe thy thrall I finde,

Euen soz this lytle lightning hope, which at thy handes I finde.

Now wyl I go and comfort him, which hangs twixt death & life. *Exit.*

Pro. Happie is the man, that inioyes the loue of such a wife,
I do protest, hir modest wordes, hath wrought in me a maze.

Though she be faire, she is not deacft, with garish shewes for gaze,
Hir beutie lures, hir looks cut off, sond stales with chaste disdain.

O God I feele a sodaine change, that doth my frædome chayne,

What didst thou say: sic Promos sic: of hir auoide the thought,

And so I will, my other cares wyll cure what loue hath wrought.

Come awaie. *Exeunt.*

Actus.2. Scena.4.

Phallax, Promos offycer, Gripax, and Rapax: Promoters.

PHal. By trusty friendes about your businesse straight,
With symple shewes, your subtile meanings bayte:

Cj Promote

The Historie

Promote all faults, vp into my office,
Then turne me lose, the offenders to fleece.
Gri. Tush, to finde lawe breakers let me alone,
I haue eyes, will looke into a Mylstone.

Phal. God a mercy Gripax.

Ra. And I am so subtyll sighted I trowe,
As I the very thoughts of men do know:

Gri. I sayth Rapax, what thought thy wile when she
To lye with the preest, by night stole from thær

Ra. Marry he knew, you and I were at square,
And least we fell to blowes, she did prepare.

To arme my head, to match thy horned browe.

Gri. Goe and a knawe with thær.

Ra. I say so; your

Phal. No harme is done, here is but blow so; blow,
Byzds of a fether, best fye together.

Then like partners, about your market goe,
Marroves adew. God sent you fayre wether.

Gri. Fare you well, so; vs take no care,

With vs this brude speche lidome brædeth square. *Exeunt.*

Phal. Marry syz, welfare an office, what some ever it be,
The very countenaunce, is great, though slender be the fir,
I thanke my god Lord Promos now, I am an officer made.

In sooth more by hap then desart, in secrethe et sayde:

No force so; that, each wylf for one, for Phallax will do so,

Well fare abead can take his tyme, nay watch so; time I trow.

I smyle to thinke of my fellowes, how some brane it, some waight,
And thinke reward, there service inst, with offred shitts wyl bayghe

When they(pore soules) in froth do falle a myle vpou account,

So; flattery and seruent plesing, are meanes to make men mount.

I speake on prose, Lord Promos, I haue pleased many a day,

Pet am I neither learned, true, nor honest any way.

What skyls so; that, by wit or wyle, I haue an office got.

By force wherof every licence, warrant, pattent, passport,

Lease, syne, see, et cetera, pas and repas, through Phallax bands,

Disordred persons by ghe me wel, to escape from Justice handa.

End.

Phallax
alone.

Offices.

A note
for way-
ghiers.



of Promos and Cassandra.

And welthy churles for to promote, I now haue set a wortke,
Such hungry lads, as stoue will smell, where statute breakers lurk,
And if they come, within our Grype, we meane to stripe them so,
As (if they scape from open shame) their bagges with vs shall goe.
And trust me this, we officers, of this mylde mould are wrought,
Agree with vs, and sure your shame by vs shal not be sought:
But soit a whyle, I see my Lord what makes him lowre soe
I wyll intrude into his sight, perhaps his grase to know.

Actus.2.Scena.4.

Phallax. Promos.

Pro. Well mette Phallax, I long hane wylt to shewe,
A cause to thee which none but I yet know.

Phal. Say on my Lord, a happy man weare I:
If any way, your wyl I could supply;

Pro. Faine wold I speake, but oh, a chylling feare,
(The cale is such) makes me from spach forbeare.

Phal. These wordes my Lord (whome euer daue bene lust)
Som makes me thinke, that you my truthe mistrust.

But cease suspect, my wyll with yours shall gree,
What so (or against whome) your dealing be:

Pro. Against a wight of small account it is,
And yet I feare, I shall my purpose myns:

Phal. Feare not my Lorde, the olde Proverbe doth saye,
Faynt harts doth steale fayre Ladys sed awaie.

Pro. Fayre Ladys O, no Lady is my loue,
And yet she sure, as coy as they wyl prove.

Phal. I thought as much, loue dyd torment you so,
But what is she that dare saye Promos noe?

Pro. Doe what one can, syre wyll breake forth I see,
My wordes unwares, hath shouen what graueth me;
My wound is such, as loue must be my leache,
Whiche care wyll byng, my Cranclynes in speche.

Tg

Fo

The Historie

Fo; what maye he, a folly of more note,
Then fo; to see, a man gray beard to date.

Phal. No my Lorde, Amor omnia vincit,
And Ouid sayth, Forma numen habet.

And fo; to p;one, loues seruice seemes the wise,
Set Salamon and Sampson, besid;e your eyes:

Fo; wyt, and strenght, wha wonne the thakst pylle,
And both lym'd by the lawes loue did devise,

Which proues in loue, a certaine godhed lyes.

And Goddes rule yearly, by wisdome from the skyes:
Whose wyls (thinke I) are wrought best by the wise.

In deede divine, I thinke loues working is,

From reasons vse, in that my sentes sworne,

In pleasure paine, in Payne I fynde a blysse,

On woe I lede, in sight of fode I bearne;

These strange effects, by loue are lodgd in me,

My thoughts are bound, yet my selfe am free.

Phal. Well my God Lord, I haue swich pardon sought

Who she may be, that hath your thauldome waightes

Pro. The example is suchas I sygh to shewe,

Syster she is, to damped Andrugio.

Phal. All the better for you the game doth goe.

The prouerbe sayth, that kyng wyl vnto kinde;

If it be true this comysse, then I fynde:

Cassandra flesh is as her brother's strayle,

When wyl she stoupe, (in chese) when Lords assayle.

Pro. The contrary (through feare) doth worke my payne,

Fo; in her face, such modesty doth raigne,

As cuttes of louing sates, with chasse vdayne.

Phal. What loue wyl not, necessity shall gayne,

Her brothers lyfe, will make her glad and sayne.

Pro. What is it best, Andrugio free to set,

Cre I am sure, his systers loue to gette?

Phal. My louyng Lord, your seruante meanes not so,

But if you will else where in secret goe:

To wokke your wyl, a shifft I hope to shewe.

Pro. With



of Promos and Cassandra.

Pro. With ryght god wyll, for such my sicknes is,
As I shall dye, if her good will I myss. *Excuse.*

Actus. 2. Scena. 5.

The Hangman, with a greate many ropes abought
his necke.

The wynd is yl, blowes no mans gaine, for cold I neede not care,
Here is nyne and twenty sutes of apparrell for my share:
And some berlady very god, for to standeth the case,
As neyther gentleman, nor other Lord, Promos the weth Grace.
But I maruell much poure slaves, that they are hanged so soone,
They were wont, to staye a day or two, now scarce an after noone:
All the better for the hangman, I pardons dreaded sore,
Would cutters save, whose clothes are god, I never heard the poure:
Let mee se, I must be dapper in this my facultie,
Heare are new ropes, how ate my knots, I faith syr slippery.
At fast or loose, with my Giptian, I meane to haue a cast
Tenne to one I read his fortune by the Marymas fast,
Serg. A way, what a star is this, to see men goe to hanging?
Hao. Harke, god blyng ye, I must begone, the prisoners are a coming.

Exit.

Actus. 2. Scena. 9.

Sixe prisoners bounde with cordes, Two Hacksters, one
Woman, one lyke a Giptian, the rest poore Roges, a Preacher,
with other Offycers.

With harte and voyce to thee O Lorde,
At latter gaspe, for grace we crie:
Unto our sutes, good God accorde,
Whiche thus appeale, to thy mercie.

They sing.

C ill For-

The Historie

Forsake vs not, in this distresse,
Which vnto thee, our sinnes confessē:
Forsake vs not, in this distresse,
VVhich vnto thee, our sinnes confessē.

First
Hackster,

HAc. Al sorts of men beware by vs, whom p̄eset d̄ath assaults,
Looke in your conscience what you find, & sorrow for your faults:
Example take by our fresh harmes, see here the frutes of pride,
I soz my part deserved death, long ere my theft was spide.
D carcles youth, lead, lead awrie, with enerie pleasing toy,
Note well my words, they are of wōrth, þ cause though my annoy.
þ sun to be pranckt, in peacockes plumes, for gaze which only are,
Hate, hate, the dyce, even as the diuell, of wanton Dames beware:
These, these, wer they, þ suckt my welth, what folowēd thē in neede
I was intakē by lawles men, on therwile spoyles to lese.
And nusled once in wicked dēdes, I feard not to offendē,
From bad, to worse, and worst I fell, I would at leysure mende.
But ob presuming ouer much, I'ell to escape in boye,
My faultes were found, and I adiudgde, to totter in a rope:
To which I go with these my mates, likewise for b̄reach of lawes,
For murder some, for therueris some, and some for little cause.

Second.

Hackster. Beware d̄ere frends of quarrelling, thirſt spoile of no mās b̄reath,
Blood, areth blood, I shæding blood, vntimelie catch my death.
A woman. VVō. Maides & women, shun pride, & sloth, the rootes of every vice,
My death ere lōg, wil shew their ends, God graūt it make you wise.
**A scoffing
catchpole.** Ca. How now Giptian? All a mort kouae, for want of company?
**The prea-
cher.** Be crustie man, þ Hangman straight, wil reade Fortunes with thē.
Prea. With this thy scoffing speach, good friend offend him not,
His faults are scorged, thine scape(perhaps) that do deserue his lot.
Rog. Rog. Jesus sauē me, I am cast, for a purse with three halſepence.
**A chur-
ch officer.** Of Dispatch prating knauē, and be hangd, þ we were iogging hēce.

¶ They leysurable depart synging. The Preacher whis-
pering some one or other of the Prisoners styl in the
earc.

Out





of Promos and Cassandra.

Our secrete thoughts, thou Christ dost knowe,
VVhome the worlde, doth hate in thrall:
Yet hope we that, thou wilt not soe,
On whome alone, we thus do call.
Forsake vs not, in this distresse,
VVhich vnto thee, our sinnes confessse,
Forsake vs not, &c.

They sing.

Actus. 3. Scena. I.

Promos, alone.

Pro. Do what I can, no reason cooles desire,
The more I strine, my fonde affectes to tame.
The hotter(oh) I scle, a burning fire
Within my breast, baine thoughts to forge and frame.
Desraying effectes, of blinde affected Loue,
From wisdomes pathes, which doth astrayre our wittes:
Which makes vs haunte, that which our harmes doth moue,
A sicknesse lyke, the Feuer Etliche fittes:
Which shakcs with coldr, when we do burne like fire.
Euen so in Loue, we freese, through chilling feare,
When as our hartes, doth frye, with hote desire:
What saide I lyke to Etliche fittes, nothing neare:
In sowrest Loue, some sweete is euer suckt.
The Loner findeth peace, in wrangling strife,
So that if paine, were from his pleasure plackt.
There were no Heauen, like to the Lovers life.
But why stande I to pleade, their ioye or woe?
And rest unsure, of him I wish to haue.
I knowe not if Cassandra loue, or noe
But yet admytte, she graunt not what I crave,
If I be nyce, to hir b^rother lyfe to gine:

¶¶¶

The Historie

Might
masters
right.

Hir brothers life, too much wyll make hir yeilde,
A promisle then, to let hir brother lyve:
Hath force inough,to make hir slie the fieldes.
Thus though sute sayle, necessarie shall wyn,
Of Lordlie rule, the conquering power is such:
But (oh sweete sight) see where he enters in,
With hope and dreade,at once my harte doth tauch.

Actus.3.Scena.2.

Cassandra, Promos.

Cassandra
Speakes to
her selfe.

Shee knee-
ling speaks
to Pro-
mos.

All. I see two thralles,sweete seemes a lytle ioye,
For fancies free, And rugis breast hath scope:
But least detract,doth rayse a new annoye,
I nowe will seeke to turne,to happe his hope.
See,as I wylt,Lord Promos is in place,
Nowe in my sute,God graunt I maye finde grace.
Renowned Lord,whylst life in me doth last,
In homage bondes,I binde my selfe to thee:
And though I did thy goodnesse latelie taste,
Yet once againe,on knees I mercie seeke:
In his behalfe,that hangeth twene death and life,
Who stylle is preast,if you the mendes do lecke:
His lawles loue,to make his latfull wife.
Pro. Faire Dame,I wel haue wayd thy sute,& wyl to do the god,
But all in vaine,al things conclude,to haue thy brothers blood:
The stricknes of the lawe condempnes,an ignozaunt abuse,
Then wylfull faultes are hardlie helpt,or cloked with excuse:
And what maye be more wylfull,then a Matre to violate,
Cas. The force was smal,when with hir wyl,he wretched conquest
Pro. Lawe euer at the wort,doth conserf euyl intent.
Cas. And lawe euen with the wort,awardeſ them punishment:
And sith that rigorous lawe adiudged him to dye,
Your glorie will be much the more,in showing him mercie.

The

of Promos and Cassandra.

The world wil think, holw y you do, but graunt him grace on cause,
And where cause is, there mercy shold abate the force of lawes.
Pro. Cassandra in thy brothers halse, thou hast sayde what may be
And so; thy sake, it is, if I doe set Andrugio frē:

Shōrt tale to make, thy beauty hath, sorþyed mee with loue,
That maugre wit, I turne my thoughts as blynd affections move.
And quite subdude by Cupids might, næde makes mee sue so; grace
To thēe Cassandra, which doest holde, my frēdomē in a lace.
Wēlde to my will, and then commaund, even what thou wilt of mē,
Thy brothers life, and all that else, may with thy liking grē.

Cal. And may it be, a Judge himself, the selfe same fault should vse: Cassandra
For which he domes, an others death, O crime without excuse. to his self.
Renowned Lordē, you vse this speach (I hope) your thāll to trye,
If other wise, my brothers life, so deare I wll not bye.

Pro. Faire Dame my outward looks, my inward thoughts bewray,
If you mistrust, to search my harte, would God you had a kaye.
Cal. If that you loue (as so you saye) the force of loue you know,
Which fealt, in conscience you shold, my bōther fauour shew.

Pro. In doubtfull warre, one p̄soner still, doth set another frē.

Cal. What so warre lekkes, loue vnto warre, contrary is, you see.
Hate fostreth warre, loue cannot hate, then maye it couet force.

Pro. The Louer ofte sues to his foe, and findeth no remoſe:
Then if he hap to haue a helpe, to wyn his frowarde foe,
To kinde a foole, I will him holde, that lets such vantage goe.

Cal. Well, to be shōrt, my selfe wyll dye, ere I my hono; stainē,
You know my minde, leaue off to tempt, your offers are in vaine.

Pro. Bethink your self, at price inough I purchase swēt your loue,
Andrugios life suffis'd alone, your straungenes to remoue:

The which I graunt, with any wealth that else you wyll require,
Who buyeth loue at such a rate, p̄pays well for his desire.

Cal. No Promos, no, hono; neuer at value maye be solde,
Hono; farre dearer is then life, whitch passeth price of golde:

Pro. To buite this Ieall at the full, my wifē I may the make:

Cal. For unsure hope, that p̄reles pearle, I never will so; sake:

Pro. These sutes seemes strange at first I see, wher modesty beares
I therfore wil set down my wyll, & so; bir answer staye. (sway, To himself,

W J Faire

The Historie

Fayre Cassandra, the iuell of my ioye,
Howe so in shewe, my take, seemes straunge to thee:
The same well waide, thou need'st not be so coyce,
Yet for to giue thee respite to agree.
I wyl two daies hope styll of thy consent,
VVhich if thou graunt (to cleare my clowdes of care)
Cloth'd like a Page (suspect for to preuent.)
Unto my Court, some night, sweet wenche repaire.

¶ Yl then adue, thou these my wordes, in works perform'd shalt find.
Cas. Farewel my Lord, but in this fute, you boyles wass your wind:
Cassandra, D most unhappy, subiect to enerie woe, (Howe
What tonge can tel, what thonghe coeleine, what pen thy grieve can
Whom to scourge, Nature, heauē & earth, do heapes of thral ordain,
Whose wordes in wastre, whose worke are lost, whose wilches are in
What which to others confort yelds, doth cause my heuytheār, (vaine
I meane my beaultie b̄edes my bale, which many hold so dāre.
I woulde to God that kinde else where, bestowed had this blase,
My vertues then had wrought regard, my shape now gives y gase:
This forme so romas fier with Loue, as wisdom can not quench,
His hote desire, tyll he lust, in Venus seas hath drencht.

At these wordes Ganio must be readie to speake.

Aetus. 3. Scena. 3.

Ganio, Andruigis boye, Cassandra.

GA. Mistres Cassandra, my Master lōgs to heare of your god spēd,
Cas. Woe Ganio his death alas, fierce Fortune hath decaid:
Ga. His death: God forbyd, all his hope should turne to such successe,
For Gods sake, no and comfort him, I lozerte his distresse.
Cas. Ineves must go, although with heauy chāre.
Ga. Sir, your syster Cassandra is here. Exit.

Aetus.

of Promos and Cassandra.

Actus.3.Scena.4.

Andrugio out of prison, Cassandra on the stage.

An. My Cassandra what newes, godd lesser shewe?
Cas. All thinges conclude thy death Andrugio:
Prepare thy selfe, to hope it ware in vaine.
An. My death, alas what rayled this newe disdayne?
Cas. Not Justice zeale, in wicked promos sure:
An. Swete, shew the cause, I must this doome indure?
Cas. If thou dost live I must my hono^r lose,
Thy rausome is, to promos fleshly wyll
That I do yelde: then which I rather chose,
With tormentis sharpe, my selfe he first should kyll:
Thus am I bent, thou seest thy death at hand,
I would my life, would satisfie his y^ee,
Cassandra then, w^{ch}old cancell ston thy band.
An. And may it be a Judge of his account,
Can spot his minde, with lawles loue or lust?
But more, may he doome any fault with death?
When in such saute, he findes himselfe iust.
Sister, that wise men loue we often see,
And where loue rules, gainst thoznes doth reason spurne.
But who so loues, if he reiccted be,
His passing loue, to pænish hate will terne.
Deare sister then, note how my fortune stands,
That promos loue, the like is oft in vse:
And sith he craue, this kindnesse, at your hands,
Thinke this, if you his pleasure do refuse.
I in his rage(p^we w^retch) shall sing Peccari,
Here are two euyls, the best harde to digest,
But where as things are driven unto necessity,
There are we byd, of both euyls chuse the least:

D.ij

Ind

The Historie

Cas. And of these euils, the least, I hold is death,
To shun whose dart, we can no meane devise,
Yet honor lyues, when death hatb done his wort,
Thus faire then lyfe is of larre moze empresse:
An. Nay Cassandra, if thou thy selfe submyt,
To saue my life, to Promos fleshly wyll,
Inſiſce wyll say, thou doſt no cryme commit:
For in forſt faultes is no intent of yll.
Cas. How ſo th' intent, is conſtruēd in eſſeſce,
The Proverbe ſaies, that tenne god turns lye dead,
And one yll dade, tenne tymes beyonde preſtence,
By enuiouſe tongues, report abzode doth ſpread
Andrugio ſo, my fame, shall ballewed be,
Diſpite wyll blaſe my criſe, but not the cauſe:
And thus althoūgh I fayne would ſet thee free,
Vooze wench I feare, the grype of flaundres pawes.
An. Nay ſweete ſiſter moze flaunder would infame,
Your ſpotles lyfe, to reaue your brothers breath:
When you haue poſze, ſo to enlarge the ſame,
Once in your handes, doth lye my lyfe, and death,
Way that I am, the ſelue ſame fleſh you are,
Thinke I once gone, our house will goe to waſt:
Knowe forſet faultes, for flaunder neede not care:
ooke you for blame, if I quaile through your lack,
Consider well, my great extremitie,
If other wife, this doome I could reuoke:
I woold not ſpare, for any ierberde:
To free thee wench, from this ſame heauy yoke.
But ah I ſee, elſe, no way ſaues my life.
And yet his hope, may further thy conſent,
He ſayde, he maye percaſe make thee his wife,
And tis likeliſt, he can not be content
With one nights ioye; if loue he after ſeekes,
And I diſchargd, if thou aſloſe then be,
Before he loſe thy ſelue, that ſo he leekes,
No dought but he, to marriage, wyll agree.

Cas. And

of Promos and Cassandra.

Cas. And shall I sticke to stoupe, to promos wyll,
Since my brother intoyeth lyse thereby?
No, although it doth my credit kyll,
Crie that he shold, my selfe woald chuse to dye.
My Andrugio, take comfort in distresse,
Cassandra is wonne, thy rausome great to paye,
Such care she hath, thy thraldome to releace:
As she consentes, her hono^r for to slay.
Farewell, I must, my virgins needes for sake:
And lyke a page, to promos lewde repayre. *Exit.*
An. My god sister to God I thee betake,
To whome I pray, that comfor^te change thy care.

Actus.3.Scena.5.

Phallax alone.

PHal. Tis more then strange, to see Lord Promos plight,
He sryskes abought, as byrdes ware in his b^rech.
Euen now he seemes (through hope) to taste delight,
And straignt (through feare) where he clawes it doth not ych.
He museth now, strayght wayes the man doth sing.
(A sight in sooth, unseemely for his age:)
He longing lokes, when any newes shal bring,
To speake with him, without there wayles a page,
D^rwo^rthy wit (set for a Judges head)
Unto a man to change a shifflies mayde,
Wyncke not on me, t was his, and not my dcedre:
His, nay, his rule, this Metamorphos made,
But Holia tongue, no more of this I pray,
Non bonus est, ludere cum sanctis.
The quietest, and the th^rysticke course they say,
Is, not to checke, but prurple great mens amys,
I finde it true, for soothing promos vaine:
None lyke my selfe, is lykete in his conceypte,

D^r iij

Gathile

The Historie

While fanour last, then good, I sith for gaine:
(For Grace wyll not byre alwayes at my baptē)
And as I wish, at hande, god Fortune, see:
Here comes phallax, and Gripax, but what's this,
As good, as sayre handfull, God graunt it bē:
The knaues hizing a Woman, *Coram nobis.*

Actus. 3. Scena. 6.

¶ Phallax, Gripax, Rapax, a Bedell, and one with a browne Byll,
bring in Lamia, and Rosko her man.

(ware,

La. Teare not my clothes my friends, they cost more thē you are a
Be. Tush, soon you shal have a blew gown, so these take you no care
Ro. If she tolke thy offer pow'e knane, thy wife would starue w' cold:
Gri. Well sy, whelping shall kepe you warme.

Phal. What meanes these knaues to scold?

Ra. Master phallax, we finde you in god time,
A Woman here, we haue brought afore you:
One to be chargde with many a wanton crime.
Which tryall will, with proue inough finde true:
A knane of birs, we haue stayed likewise,
Both to be vs'd, as you shall vs aduse.

Phal. What call you hir name?

Ra. Lamia.

Phal. Faire Dame, hereto what do you saye?
La. Worshipsfull Sir, my selfe I happy reake,
With patience that my aunswer you will heare:
These naughtie men, these wordes on mallice speake,
And so; this cause, yll wyll to me they beare.
I scornde to kepe, their mindes with money playe,
I meane to kepe, my life from open shame,
Yea, if I lyu'd, as lewdlie as they saye:
But I that knewe, my selfe unworthy blame:
Shrunk not, to come unto my triall nowe,
My tale is tolde, conceyue as lyketh you.

Phal. ¶

of Promos and Cassandra.

Phal. My friends, what prooфе haue you against this dame?
Speake on sure ground, leaſt that you reape the shame:
The wroгg is great, and craves great recompence.

To touch her honest name, without offence.

Gri. All *Inſto Hyz* doth ryng of her lewd lyſer

Byl. Indeade ſhe is knewne for an yde hulwife.

Ros. He lyes, ſhe is occupied day and night.

Phal. To ſwear againſt her is there any wight?

Ra. No, not preſent, but if you do detayne her,

There will be found by oþ, ſome that wil ſtayne her.

Phal. I ſee ſhe is then on ſuſpition ſtayne:

Wholſe faultes to ſearch, vpon my charge is laȝd,

From charge of her I therfore will ſet you fr̄e,

My ſelſe will ſearch her faultes if any be,

A Gods name you may depart.

a. o. 3. ſpeake, God blyv Hyz.

Gri. In ſuch haſtes as this, deneſorþ I will begin,

For all is his, in his clawes, that commeth in,

Exemt.

Phal. Fayze *Lamia*, ſince that we are alone,

I plainly wyll diſcoure to you my minde,

I thinke you not to be ſo chaſt a one,

As that your lyfe, this fauor ought to fynde:

No forſe, for that, ſince that you ſcot fr̄e goe,

Unpunished, wholſe life is iudged yll:

Yet thinke (throuḡh loue) this grace the Judge doth ſhow,

And loue with loue ought to be anſwered ſyil.

La. Indeade I graunt (althoþ I could reproue,

Theiř lewde Cemplayntes, with godnelſe of my lyfe)

Your curtesy, your better doth me prone,

In that you tooke (my honest fame in ſtryſe,)

My aunſweare for diſcharge of their repozt:

For which good turne, I at your pleasure ref̄e,

To iworke amends, in any honest ſort:

Phal. Away with honſty, your anſweare then in ſooth,

Fyts me as tumpē as a pudding a Friar's mouth.

The Historie

Ros. He is a craftie childe, dally, but do not.
La. Esh, I warrant thee, I am not so whot,
Your wodes are too hardē Sir, for me to conster.
Phal. Tren to be shad', your rare bewtie my hart hath wounded so,
As (sane your loue, become my leach) I sure shall die with woe.
La. I see no signe of death, in your face to appere,
Nis but some usuall qualme you haue, pitiful Dames to feare.
Phal. Faire Lamia, trust me I faine not, betimes bestow som grace.
La. Well, I admit it so, onelie to ar que in your case.
I am maried, so that to set your loue on me were vaine:
Phal. It suffiseth me, that I may your secrete friend remaine.
Ros. A holie Wode, makes not a Frier deouute,
He will playe at small game, or he sitte ont.
La. Though for pleasure, or to proue me, these prouers you do moue,
You are to wise, to hassarde life, vpon my yelding loue:
The man is painde with present death, that bleseth wanton pleasure.
Phal. To scape such paine, wise men, these ioyes, without suspect ca
Furthermore, I hane ben (my Cirle) a Lawier to to lōg: (measure.
If at a pinche, I cannot wress the Law from right to wronng.
La. If lawe you do professe, I gladlie craue,
In a cause or two, your advise to haue.
Phal. To resolute you, you shall commaunde my skyll.
Wherfore like friendes, lets common in god wyll.
La. You are a merie man, bnt leue to leas:
To morrowe night, if you will be my Beast:
At my pore houre, you shall my causes knowe,
For god cause, which I meane not here to shewe.
Phal. Willinglie, and for that, haste calles me hence,
My suteyll then, shall remaine in suspence:
Farewell Clyent, to morrow looke for me: Exit.
La. Your god welcome Sir, your best cheere will be.
Ros. I tolde you earst, the nature of Phallax,
Money, or faire women, workes him as ware:
And yet I must commend your sober cheere,
You tolde your tale, as if a saint you were.

La. Well

of Promos and Cassandra.

La. Well(in secrēte,be it sayde) ho w so I seemd diuine,
I feared once, a blew goiwe, would haue bene my shzine.
But nowe that paine is flead, and pleasure kēpes his holde,
I knowe that phallax will, my fame henceforth vpholde:
To entertaine which Beast, I will some dayntie chēre prepare,
Yet ere I go, in pleasant song, I meane to purge my cars.

Adue poore care,adue,
Go,cloye soime helplē wretche:
My life,to make me rue,
Thy forces do not stretche.

The Song.

Thy harbor, is the harte,
Whom wrong,hath wrapt,in woes
But wrong,doth take my parte,
VVith cloke of right in shoc.

My faultes,inquirie scape,
At them the Iudges winke:
Those sor my fall that gape,
To shewe my lewdnesse sharinke.

Then silly care go packe,
Thou art no Geast for mee:
I haue, and haue, no lacke,
And lacke, is shrowde for thee.

Excuse.

Actus.3.Scena.7.

Cassandra, apparellē like a Page.

Caſ. Unhappy wretche,I bluſh my ſelſe to ſte,
Apparellē thos monſtrous to my kinde:
But oh,my wedes,wyll with my fault agrē,
When I haue pleaſde,lewdre promos leſhlie minde.

¶ *What*

The Historie

What shall I do, yo p[ro]ffer what he soughte?
D[ame]: on more sute, shall I give my consent?
The best is sure, since this must needes be wrought:
I go, and shewe, ne de makes me to his bent.
My fluddes of teares, from true intent whiche doe,
Maye quenche his lust, or ope his mused eyen,
To see that I deserue to be his wife:
Thongh now constrainde to be his Concubine.
But so, or no, I must the bent er give,
No daunger feares the wight, prickt sworþ by neede:
And thus lyke one more glad to dye, then lyue,
I so swarde set, God graunt me well to spade.

Exe.

Actus 4. Scena. 1.

Dalia, Lania Maide, going to market.

DA. With my spistresse, the worlde is chaunged well,
She fearde of late, of whipping thereto smellit
And nowe againe, both gallant, fresh and gaye,
Who in *Julio* flauntes it out, lyke *Lania*:
A luckie friende (yea, one that beareth swape)
Is nowe become, a proppe, of such a staye:
To hir god name, as who se he dare saye?
That *Lania* doeth offend, nowe any waye?
This, hir god friende, wyll be hir Beast this night,
And that he maye in his welcome delyght,
To market I. in haste, am sent to buye,
The best cheare, that, I fallen on my eye.

Exe.

Actus

of Promos and Cassandra.

Actus.4.Scena.2. 2.

Promos alone.

PRO. By þynke I finde, no reason coles desire,
Cassandraes sake suffisid to remoue
My lewde request, but contrarie, the fire,
Hir teares inflam'd, of lust, and filthy lone.
And having thus, the conquest in my handes,
No pazer seru'de to worke restraint in me:
But nedes I woulde vntye the precious handes,
Of this fayre Dames spotles Virginitie.
The spoyle was swete, and wonne even as I woulde,
And yet vngainde, tyll I had givuen my trothe,
To marie hir, and that hir b;other shoule
Be fre from death, all which I bounde with oathe:
It resteth nowe (vnlesse I wrong hir much)
I kepe my boþe: and shall Andrugio lyue
Such grace woulde me, with vnindifferencie such.
To pardon him, that dyd commit a Rape,
To set him free, I to Cassandra sware:
Bot no man else, is priuate to the same,
And rage of lone, soz thousande oathes nyll spare,
More then are kept, when gotten is the game.
Vell, what I sayde, then Louer like I sayde,
Nowe reason sayes, vnto thy credite luke:
And having well, the circumstaunces wayde,
I finde I must, vnsware the oathe I tolke:
But double wrong, I so shoule do Cassandra:
No force soz that, my myght, commaundeth right;
Hir preue maime, hir open cryes will staye;
Or if not so, my frowning will hir frighe,
And thus shall rule, conceale my filthy dæde.
Nowe soothwith, I wyll to the Gayler sende,
That secretelie Andrugio be behead,
Whysen he shall, with these same wordes commend.

The Historie

To Cassandra, as Promos promist thee,
From prison loe, he sendes thy Brother free.

Actus.4.Scena.3.

Cassandra.

Al. Fayne would I wretched conceale, the spoyle of my virginity,
But d^r my gilt doth make me blush, chaste virgins here to see:
I monster now, no mayde nor wife, haue stoupte to promos lust,
The cause was nether sute nor teares, could quench his wātō thurst
What cloke wyl scuse my crime: my selfe, my conscience doth accuse
And shall Cassandra now be termed, in commonon speche, a strewer?
Shall she, whose vertues bare the hell, be calld a vicious dame?
D^r cruell death, nay bell to her, that was constraind to shame:
Alas few wyl give sw^rth I synd, to save my brothers lyfe:
And sayntly I through promos othes, do hope to be his wife.
For louers feare not how they streate, to wyn a Lady fayre,
And hauing wonne what they did wylsh, for othes nor Lady care,
But be he iust or no, I joy Andrugis yet shall lyue,
But ah, I see a light, that doth my hart a sunder ryue.

Actus.4.Scena.4.

Gaylor, with a dead mans head in a charger. Cassandra.

Gay. This present wilbe Calle I know, to sayze Cassandra,
Yet if she knewe as much as I most swete I dare well say,
In god tyme, see where she doth come, to whome my arrand is:
Cas. Alas his hasty pace to me, shoures some what is amys.
Gay. Fayre Cassandra my Lord promos, commends him unto thē,
To kepe his woord, who layes from prison he sends thy brother frē.
Cas. Is my Andrugis done to death? sye, sye o: saythles frē.
Gay. We quiet Lady, law found his fault, thē was his iudgement iust
Cas. Well

of Promos and Cassandra.

Cas. Wel my god friend, shew Promos this, since law hath don this
I thank him yet, he would boochslaf on me my brothers head, (dēd)
Loe this is all now gene me leaue to rew his losse alone.

Gay. I wyll perfoyme your will, and wish you cease your mone.
Cas. Fare well.

Gay. I sone had showen what I had done, her teares I pittied so,
But that I wayde, that women syld, do dye with greese and woe,
And it behoues me to be secret or else my neck verste cum,
Well now to pack my dead man hence, it is bye tyme I run.

Cas. Is he past sight, then hane I time to wayle my woes alone,
Andrugio, let me kis thy lippes, yet ere I fall to mone.

O wold that I could wast to teares, to wash this bloody face,
Which fortune farre beyond desart hath followed with disgrace.

O promos falee, and most vnkinde, both spoyld of loue and roth,

O promos thou dost wound my hart, to thinke on thy vntruth,

Whose pylghted sayth, is tournd to scaud, & words to workes vnjust
Why doe I lyue vnhappy wench, syth treason quites my truske,

O death deuorse me wretch at once, from this same worldy lyfe,

But why do I not slay my selfe, for to appeale thys scryfe?

Perhaps within this wombe of myne, an other promos is:

I so by death shalbe auengd of him in morthing his,

And ere I am assured that, I haue renengd this dēde;

Shall I dispatch my lothed life: that hast, weare more then spēde;

So promos would triumphe that none bis Tyranny shold know,

No, no this wicked fact of his so slightly shall not goe:

The king is iost and mercifull, he doth both heare and sē:

He mens desarts, beare their complaunts, to Judge with equity.

My wosfull case with spēde, I wyll unto his grace addresse,

And from the first, unto the last, the truth I wyll confesse,

So promos thou, by that same lawe shalt lose thy bated bretb,

Through breach wherof, thou didst condemne Andrugio unto death

So doing yet, the world will say I broke Dianes lawes, (cause:

But what of that? no shame is myne, when truth hath showen my

I am resolute, the king shall knowe of Promos injury,

Yet ere I goe, my brothers head, I wyll ingrauen see.

Exit.

E.ij Actus. 4.

The Historie

Actus.4.Scena.5.

Gayler, Andrugio.

Gay. *Andrugio*, as you lone our liues, soorthwith post you away.
For Gods sake to no lyuing friend, your safety yet bewraye:
The prouerbe sayth, two may kepe counsell if that one be gone.
An. Allore thy selfe, most faithful friend, I wylbe knowne to none:
To none alas, I see my scape yeldes me bat small release,
Cassandra.and *Polina* wyl destroye themselves, with grefe:
Though thought y I am dead: they dead, to live what helpeth me?
Gay. Leave of these plaints of smal availe, thank God y you are fre,
For God it was, within my mind, that did your saftey moue,
And that same God, no doubt wyl worke for your and their behoue:
An. Post faithful friend, I hope that God, wyl worke as you do say,
And therfore, to some place unknowne, I wyl my selfe conuaye.
Gayler, fare wel: for the god darde, I must remayne thy debtor,
In meane wbyle yet receyue this gyft, tyll fortune sends a better:
Gay. God bly syz, but kepe your manys, your need you do not know:
An. I pas not now for fortuns threates, yea though hit force the shew
And therfore I stek not to receyue this smale reward in part.
Gay. I wyl not lare, such proffers leauue, tis time you doe depart.
An. Since so thou wile, I wylbe gone adue tyl fortune smile. *Exir.*
Gay. Hyz, fare you wel, I wyl not sayle to pray for you the while,
Well, I am glad, that I haue sent him gone,
For by my saftey, I lyd in perious feare:
And yet God wot, to see his bytter mone,
When he shoulde dye, would force a man to beare,
From harming him, if Pitty might beare sway:
But see how God bath wrought for his saftey?
A dead mans head, that suffered th'other day,
Makes him thou't dead, through out the citie.
Such a iust, god and righteas: God is he:
Although alwbyle he let the wicked raygne,
Yet he relenes, the wretched in misery,

End

of Promos and Cassandra.

And in his pryde, he throwes the syraunt downe;
I use these wordes, vpon this onely thought,
That promos long his rod can not escape:
Who hath in thought, a wylfull murder wrought,
Who hath in act performyd a wicked rape,
Gods wyll be done, who well Andragio spede,
Once well I hope, to heare of his god lucke,
For God thou knowest my conscience byg this dide,
And no desire of any worldly muck. Exe.

Actus. 4. Scena. 6.

Dalia from Market.

DA. In god sweete sooth, I sare I shalbe shent,
It is so long since I to market went,
But trust me, wylfowle are such costly gear,
Specially, woodcoks, out of reason deare,
That this houre, I haue the market bett,
To drine a bargayne to my most profyt:
And in the end I chaunst to light on one,
Hyt me as pat, as a pudding Pope lone.
Other market maydes pay doylone for their meate,
But that I haue bought, on my score is set.
Well fare credit when mony runneth low,
Harr yea, Butchers, the which do credit so:
(As much Good meate, as they kyll) may perchance,
Be glad and fayne at beryng cobs to bounce.
What force I that euer man shal for one,
For if I scarue, let none my fortune moxe,
She faynes to goe out,

Actus.

The Historie
Actus.4.Scena.7.

Grimball, Dalia, eyther of them a Basket.

Gri. Softe Dalia, a woyde with you, I praye.

Da. What friend, Grimbal, welcome as I mare saye:

Gri. Saylt thou me so then kyssle me so: acquaintaunce.

Da. If I lyke your manwode, I may do so perchaunce.

She faynes to looke in his basket.

Gri. Bate me an ase, quoth Boulton, Tush, your minde I knowe:
Abysz, you would be like, let my Cocke Sparrowes goe.

Da. I warrant thes Grimball. She takes out a vylite pudding,

Gri. Laye off handes Dalia,

You powte me, if that you got, my Pudding awaie:

Da. Nay god swate, honny Grimballe, this Pudding give me.

Gri. Ich were as god geete hit, for the wyll hate, I see.

Well, my nown god harte rote, I freclie give thee this,

Apon condition, that thou give me a kys.

Da. Nay, but first wash your lippes, with sweete water you shall,

Gri. Why ych was ryle now, for my Pudding, honny sweet Grimbale;

Well Dalia, you will floute so long, tyll (though I saye)

With kindnesse you wyll cast a proper handsome man away,

Wherfore sote Connyn, even a lytle spurke:

Da. Laye off handes hit:

Gri. God do not byte, for ych meane thee no hurte:

Come off Pyggesnie, prefarre me not a iote,

Da. What woulde the god sole have,

Gri. Why, you woot whote,

Hearke in your eare:

Da. You shall commannde, so proper a man ye are.

That for your sake, I wyll not sticke to ware:

A blew Cassocke, dairing my lyse forswithe,

Nary for my sake, I woulde be verie lothe:

So godlie a handsome man, shold lose his head,

Gri. Nay.

of Promos and Cassandra.

Gri. Nay, soz my head, care not a Tinkers to;de,
For so God iudge me, and at one ba:e woorde:
We lose my death, yea, and my great v;rowne Cowe,
I love you so filthilie: law ye nowe.

Da. Thou sayest valiantlie, nowe sing, aswell too:
And thou shalt quicklie knothe, what I meane to do.
Gri. Yes by Gogs scote, to pleasure thee, ych shall,
Both syng, spring, fight and playe, the dewl and all.

Da. O lustilie:

The Song.

Gri. Come smack me, come smack me, I long for a smouch,
Da. Go pack thee, go pack thee, thou filthie fine slouch.

Gri. Leard howe I loue thee,
Da. This can not moue mee:

Gri. Why pretie Pygsney, my harte, and my honny?
Da. Because godman Hogsface, you woe without mone.

Gri. I lacke mony, chy graunt,
Da. Then Grimballe auant.

Gri. Cham yong sweete hart, and feate, come kyss me soz loue,
Da. Crokeshanke, your Joule is to great, such lyking to moue.

Gri. What meane you by this?
Da. To leaue thee by gys.

Gri. First smack me, first smack, I dye for a smouch,
Da. Go pack thee, go pack thee, thou filthy fine slouch. Exit.

Gri. Dalia, arte thou gone? what wolt serve me soe?
O God, cham readie to raye my selfe soz woe:

Be valiaont Grimballe, kyll thy selfe man:

Pay, bum Ladie, I will not by Saint Anne,

Ich haue hearde my great Grandsier saye:

Haide will saye naye, and take it: and so the maye,

And therfore chyll, to Mistresse Lamia,

With these Puddings, and Cock Sparowes, by and by:

And in the darke, againe, ych wyll hit trye, Exit:

The Historic

Actus.5.Scena.1.

Phallax alone.

PHal. I maruell much what worketh so my Lord Promos brest; he fares as if a thousand Devils, were gnawing in his brest: There is sure some wōrme of grieve, that doth his conscience nipp. For since Andrugio lost his head, he hath hung downe the lippe, And truth to say, his fault is such as well may greue his mynd, The Devill himselfe could not haue vsde, a practise more vngent. This is once, I loue a woman, for my life, as well as he, But (faire dame) with her that loues me, I deale well with, trust Well, leue I now my Lord Promos, his owne dedes to aunswere, Lamia I know looks, and double looks, when I come to supper: I thought as much: see, to stekie me, heate comes her Aple squier.

Actus.5.Scena.2.

Rosko. Phallax,

Ros. O that I could find Master Phallax, the meat burnes at y fire! And by your leave, Andrugios death, doth make my misris sweat.

Phal. How now Rosko?

Ros. If you sy: my misris doth intreate.

That withall spede, your worship will come away to supper!

The meate and all is ready to set upon the boorde syz.

Phal. Gramercy for thy paynes, I was euen comming to her.

Ros. You are the welcomist man alvyne to her I know,

And trust me at your commaundement remayneth þoþe Rosko.

Phal. It is honestly sayd, but now tell me,

What quality hast, that I may vse thee.

Ros. I am a Barbour, and when you please syz,

Call (and spare not) for a cast of goſe water.

Phal. But heare me, canſt thou heale a greene wound well?

Ros. Yea, grēne and ould.

Phal. Then thy best were to dwel,

of Promos and Cassandra.

In some vsuall place or strate, where, through strayes,
Thou mayst be set a woake with wounds alwayes.
Ros. I thanke my Mistris I have my hands full,
To trym gentelmen of her acquayntaunce:
And I trust Syr, if that your worship chaunce,
To have neede of my helpe, I shall earne your mony.
Asoze an other.

Phal. That thou shalt truly:
But syrra, wherc dwels Lamia?
Ros. Euen heare syr, enter I pray.
Phal. That I wyl sure, if that my way be cleare.
Ros. Yes sir, her doores be open all the yeare.

Exeunt.

Actus. 5. Scena. 3.

Polina, (*she mayde, that Andrugio
low'd) in a blew gowne,*

P.O. polina curst, what dame a lyue hath cause of grefe lyke thē?
Who(monne by loue) hast yē id the spoyle of thy virginity?
And he soz to repayne thy same, to marry thē, that bōwde,
Is done to death for first offence, the second mends not lowde.
Great shame redounds to thē, O Loue, in leaving vs in th'all:
Andrugio and Polina both, in honoryng thē did falle.
Thou so dydyst witch our wits, as we from reason strayed quight,
By nocht by thē, we dyd refuse, no baantage of delight:
Delight, what did I saynay death, by rash and sowle abuse,
Alas I hanie to tell thus much, though loue doe worke excuse.
So that(sayre dames) from such consent, my accydents of harme,
Forewarneth you, to kepe aloose though loue your harts do arme,
But ah Polina, whether runnes thy words into advise.
When others harmes, inforst by loue, could never make the wise.
The cause is plaine, for that in loue, no reason stands in stade,
And reason is the onely meane, that others harmes we dreade.
Then, that the world hercaster may, to loue infere my yll,
Andrugios Tombe with dayly teares, Polina worship wyll.

Fy And

The Historic

And further more I bowde, whylle life in me doth foster brest,
No one shall vaunt of conquered loue, by my Andrugio: death,
These shameful wedes, which forst I were that men my fault may
Whilst that I live, shall shew I moane for my Andrugio, (know:
I wyll not byde the sharpe assaultes, from sugred words I sent,
I wyll not trust to careles othes, which often wyn consent:
I wyll cut off occasions all, which hope of myrth may moue,
With ceaseles teares yle quench each cause; y kindleth coles of lond:
And thus tyt death Polina wyll estrange her selfe from ioy,
Andrugio, to reward thy loue which vyd thy life destroy. *Exit.*

Act. 5. Scena. 4.

Rosko alone.

R Of A Syr, in sayth, the case is alred quight,
My mistris late that lived in wretched plighe:
Wids care adue and every cause of woe,
The feare is fled, which made her sorow so,
Master Phallax so vnder props her same,
As none for lyse dare now her lewdnes blame,
I feare (nay hope) she hath bewitcht him so,
As haulfe his byches, vnto her share will goe:
No force for that, who others doth deceyue,
Deserues himselfe, lyke measure to receyue,
Well, leane I Lamia, soz her selfe to pray,
Wester then I can shoke, who knowes the way:
It stands me on, soz my pore selfe to shyste,
And I haue founde a helpe at a dead lyfte:
My ould friende Grimbals purce, with pence is full,
And if I empty it not, Dalia wull.
The slauering sole, what he can rap and rend,
(He lones her so) vpon the fylth wyll spend:
But bye your leave, yle barre her of this match,
My net and all is set, the sole to catch.

of Promos and Cassandra.

Forswot before his amorous sute he move,
He must be trimd to make her moze to loue.
And in god sooth, the wold shal hardly fail,
But that he shalbe washt, pould, chan'd and all:
And see the luck, the foole is fast I know,
In that with Rowke he doth so sadly goe.

Scena.5. Grymball, Rowke, Rosko.

Grym. God bozes, as sayst, when somewhat handsome ch'am,
I sayth she wyll come off soz very shame:

Row. Pea without doubt soz I swere by saynt Anne:
My selfe loues you, you are so cleane a youngman.

Grim. Nay, thou woulst say so, when my face is sayze washt,

Ros. God luck a Gods name, the wodcocke is malst.

Row. And who Barbcs ye Grymball.

Grim. A dapper knaue, one Rosko.

Ros. Well letherface, we shall have you alle ere you goe.

Row. I know him not, is he a deaft barber?

Grim. Oyea, why he is Mistris Lamiss powler,

And looke syra, yen is the lyttell knaue,

How dost Rowko?

Ros. Whope, my eye sight God sanc,

What ould Grymball, welcome sit you downie heare,

Boy:

Boy. Anon.

Ros. Way leaves in warme water, quick, bring cleane geare,

Boy. Strayght.

Row. As thou sayd'st Grymball, this is a feate knauc indeede,

Ros. How saylyz: oyntments soz a scab, do you neede?

Row. Scab, scurny Jack, ile set you a worke syz.

Grym. Nay gogs foote, god nowe, no more of this stir.

Row. I sayth Barber, I wyll pyck your teeth straight.

Ros. Nay, to pick my purse, I feare thou doest wayght,

Row. Pea, gogs hart,

Grym. Nay, gogs foote,

Boy in the
house.

A ty

Ros. Now

The Historie

Rof. Powe come Ruffeni.
Grim. Leue, if you be nichi.
Hearre ye me noinc: be friendes, and by my trothe,
Thill spende a whole quarte of Ale on you bothe.
Rof. Well, masse Grimballe, I lylle thought I was,
You wonde a brought a knaue, to vsse me thus.
Grim. Why, knowest him not? why it is lustlie Rowkes
Rof. A strong thase, I warrant him by his loke.
Row. Go to Barber, no moxe, least Copper you catch.
Grim. What wilst give thy nose awaie? beware that match.
For chy see no Copper, unlesse be theare.
Boy brings water.
Boy. Master, here is delicate water, & cleane gesre. Exit.
Rof. Well, to quiet my house, and for Grimbals sake,
If it pleasech you, as friendes, we handes will shake.
Grim. I, I, do so:
Row. And for his sake I agrē.
Grim. Well then, that we may drinke, straight wavyes wash me.
Rof. God syz, here's water as swete as a Rose,
Powe whyles I wash, your eyes harde you must close.
Grim. Thus?
Rof. Harder yet:
Grim. O, thus:
Rof. Yea marry, so.
Hewe syrra, you knowe what you have to doe:
Rowkes cuttes Grimbals purse.
Rof. Minke harde, Grimballe.
Grim. Yes, yes, I shall. Exit.
Row. Hearre's the toothpick, and all.
Rof. Departe then tyll I call.
Werie well syz, your face, is garly cleane,
Wiere your teeth nowe pickt, you maye kiste a queane.
Grim. Dayss thou nice so? God nowe dispatch and awaie!
I even lysell, untyll I smooch Dalia.
Rof. O do you so? I am right glad you tell,
I else had thought, tad bene your tethe dyd smell. Grim. O

of Promos and Cassandra.

Grim. O Lorde, gogs swete, you picke me to the quicke:

Ros. Quiet your selfe, your teeth are surred ticke.

Grim. O, oh no more, O God, I spattell blod,

Ros. I haue done, spyt out, this doth you much god:

Boye:

Boy. Anon.

Ros. Bring the drinke in the Porringer.

To gargalis bis teeth.

Boye. It is here sy.

Exit.

Ros. Wash your teeth with this, god maister Grimball.

Grim. I am porsoned, ah, it is bytter gall:

Ros. Take these Comfys, to sweeten your mouth with all.

Grim. Pea mary sy, these are gay sugred geare.

Ros. Their swetnesse straignt, wyll make you kinke I feare:

Grim. Well nove, what must I paye, that thy were gone?

Ros. What you wyll.

Grim. Hayest me so? O chame vndone.

Ros. Howe nowe Grimball.

Grim. O Leard, my Purse is cutte.

Ros. Wherewherewhere?

Grim. Powe, here, :

Ros. Boye, let the dore be shotte,

If it be here, we wyll straignt wayes see,

Wheres he, that came with you?

Grim. I can not tell.

Ros. What is bee?

Grim. I knowe not.

Ros. Where doth he dwelle?

Grim. O Leard, I ken not I.

Ros. You haue done well.

This knave, your pence, in his pocket hath purst:

Let's seeke him out.

Grim. Pay barke, I must neades first:

O Learde, Learde, chame sickle, my belly akes, to, to;

Ros. Thou lookest yll; well, yle tell thes what to do.

Boy with-

Since

The Historie

Since thou art so sick, straight wayes, get thē home,
To finde this Jacke, my selfe abroade wyl rōme.
The rather, for that he playde the knaue with mē,
Gri. Cham sickē in dēde, and therfore ych thanke thē:
Ros. I see sometime, the blinde man hits a Crowe,
He maye thanke me, that he is plaguēd soe:
Gri. Well, well, Dalia, the Loue ych bare to thē,
Hath made me sicke, and pickt my purse from mē. *Exit.*
Ros. A, is he gone? a sole company him,
In god sothe Sir, this match fadged trim:
Well, I wyll trudge, to finde my selfe Rowke,
To share the price, that my deuse hath tooke. *Exit.*

Actus.5.Scena.6.

Cassandra, in blacke.

Cas. The heauy chardge, that nature bindes me to,
I haue perform'd, ingrau'd my Brother is:
D woulde to God (to ease, my ceasles wo)
My wretched bones, intombed were with his.
But D in vaine, this bothelesse wile, I vse,
I, pore I must lyue in sorowe, ioynde with shame:
And shall be lyue? that dyo vs both abuse?
And quench through rule, the coles of iust reuenge?
D: no, I wyll nowe bye me to the King:
To whome, I wyll, recount my wretched state,
Lewde Promos rape, my Brothers death and all;
And (though with shame, I maye this tale relate)
To proue that force, enforced me to fall:
Whēn I haue shalwe, Lord Promos sole misdeedes.
This knife sowthwith, shall ende my woe and shame,
My gozed harte, which at his feete then blededes,
To scorze his faultes, the King wyll moze inflame.

of Promos and Cassandra.

In dedes to doe, that I in wordes prefende,
I nove advise, my iourney, to the King:
Yet ere I go, as Siwans sing at their ende,
In solemne song, I meane my knell to ryng.

Cassandraes Song.

Sith fortune thwart, doth crosse my ioyes with care,
Sith that my blisse, is chaungde to bale by fate:
Sith frowarde chaunce, my dayes in woe doth weare,
Sith I alas, must mone without a mate,
I wretch haue vowde, to sing both daye and night,
O sorrowe slaye, all motions of delight.

Come grieslie griefe, torment this harte of mine;
Come deepe dispaire, and stoppe my loathed breath:
Come wretched woe, my thought of hope to pine:
Come cruell care, preferre my sute to death.
Death, ende my wo, which sing both daye and night,
O sorrowe slaye, all motions of delight.

Exit.

FINIS.

G. W.

G.j

The seconde part
of the Famous Historie
of Promos and Cassandra.

Set forth in a Comi-
call Discourse, by George
Whetstone Gent.

Formæ nulla fides.

G.ij



The seconde parte of the Historie of Promos and Cassandra.

Actus. I. Scena. I.

¶ Polina in a blewe Gowne, shadowed with a blacke Sarcenet,
going to the Temple to praye, vpon Andrugios Tombe,



Romise is debt, and I my bothe haue pass,
Andrugios Combe, to wash with daylie teares:
Which Sacrificis (althoong God wot in wastle)
I wyll persone, my Alter is of cares.

Of fuming sighes, my offring incense is,
My pittious playntes, in stede of Prayers are:
Pea, woulde to God in penaunce of my mys,
I with the rest, my loathed lyfe might share.
But D in vain, I wylsh this welcomde ende,
Death is to flowre, to slaye the wretched wight;
And all thowne he doth his force bendl,
To wounde their harte, which wallowe in delight,
Yet in my care, syll goes, my passing Bell,
So ofte as I.e. Andrugios death do minde:
So ofte as men, with poyncted fingers tell,
Thei friendes, my faultes, which by my weedes they finde.
But D the cause, with Death, which threatnes me most,
I wysh to dye, I dye tbrough wretched woe,
My dying harte, desires to yelde the ghost,
My traunces straunge, a present death foreholwe.
But as the reede doth bow at every blast,
To breake the same, when rowghest stormes lackes myght,
So wretched I, with every woe doe wastle,
Yet care wants force, to kyll my hart out ryght.
O gratioues God and is my gift so great,
As you the same, with thousand deathes must breake?
You will it so, else care I could intreste?
With halfe these woes, my thyrd of lyfe, to breake.

G iij. Act

The Historie

But what meanst thou Polina; wost acurte,
To muse, why God this penaunce laynes thee to?
Whose correction, although we take at wort,
To our great god he doth the same bollow.
So that, syth grēfe can not relyue my friend,
Syth scorching sygnes my sorowes cannot brye:
Syth care henselke, lackes force my lyfe to ende,
Syth syll I lyue that every holwe doe dye:
Syth mighty God appoyntes my penaunce so,
In moonestill long I wylly patience shew,

Polinas Song.

A Myd my bale, the lightning ioy, that pyning care doth bring,
VVith patience cheares my heauy hart, as in my vvoes I sing,
I knowy my Gilt, I feele my scourge: my ease is death I see:
And care (I fynde) by peccemeale vveares, my hart to set mee free.
O care, my comfort and refuge, feare not to worke thy vvyll,
VVith patience I, thy corsiues byde, feede on my life thy fyll.
Thy appetyte vvith sygnes and teares, I dayly vvyl procure,
And wretched I, wil vaile to death, throw when thou wyl thy Lure.

Exit, Polina,

Actus.i.Scena.2.

Enter a Messenger from the King.

I Vane at length (thouḡh wery come in troth)
Obtaynd a sight of Iulio. Itafely walles,
A kings message, can not be done with doth:
Whome he bids goe, must runne throngh myre and dyrt,
And I am sent, to Lord Pomes in post.
To tel him that the king wyl see him straigbt,
But much I feare that Pomes needes not bothe:
Of any gayne by his soneraygnes receytle,

of Promos and Cassandra.

But Holla tongue, of lauysh spēche beware,
Though subiects oft i[n]princes meaning p[re]ye,
They must their wordes, and not their myndes declare,
Unto which course I wyll my tonge apply,
Lord Promos shall my princes comming know,
My prince himselfe, the cause thereof shall shew.

Exit.

Actus. I. Scena. 3.

Rosko Lamias man.

RO. Is it possible that my Missis Lamia,
Ouer the shooes shoulde b'rn loue with phallaxe?
Why by Jes[us] (as she her selfe doth saye,)
With pure god wyll, her harte doth melt lyke ware:
And this I am sure, every howre they themselues,
By their swete selues, or by their letters greece.
But the spoerte is to see the loving elues,
Wyll together when they in secret mate.
She lowres, he lauffes. She syghes throuwe pure loue;
Nay, nay, sayes he(god pugges) no more of this:
Well, sayes she, and wepes, my grefe you do not prone.
Then strayght this do, me is cheared with a kys,
And then aboth sides, th[er]e wordes and a smouch:
Within her eare, then whispereth this sdonch,
And by the way he stumblyeth on her lippes.
Thus erster synges most loving signes to shew,
Much god doe it them, syth they are both content,
Once I am sure, bow se the game doth goe,
I hane no cause their lyking to repent:
I syldome doe betwene them message beare,
But that I haue an Item in the hande,
Well, I must frudge to doe a certaine chare,
Whiche, take I tyme, cocke for my gayne doth stand.

The strum
pers and
Crocodiles
teares a-
lyke.

Actus.

The Historic

Actus I. Scena. 4.

Phallax, Dowson a Carpenter.

PHal. Dispatch Dowson, up with the frame quickly,
So space your rooms, as the nyne worthes may,
Be so instawld, as best may please the eye.
Dow. Very god, I shall:
Phal. Nay soft Dowson, stay:
Let your man at laynt Anne crosse, out of hande,
Creckt a stage, that the Margrfts in sight may stande.
Dow. Will you ought else?
Phal. Wolt a whyle, let me se,
On Jesus gate, the sowre vertues I frowe,
Appoynted are to lande:
Dow. I syz, shor ate so,
Phal. Well, then about your charge, I wil soye so,
The Conste of Malick, well platt to be:
Dow. I am gone sy.

Actus I. Scena. 5.

The Bedell of the Taylers, Phallax.

BE. Deare you maister Phallax?
B The Wardens of the Marchantaylers are,
Where (with themselves) they shall their Pageaunt place?
Phal. With what Orange shewes, do they their Pageaunt grace?
BE. They haue Hercules, of Monstres conqueryng,
Huge great Giants, in a forest fightynge,
With Lyons, Beares, Volkes, Apes, Foxes, and Grayes,
Baiards, brookes, &c.
Phal. D wondrouss shayes,
Marry sy, since they are prouded thus,
Out of their wayes, God kepe Maister pediculus.

BE. Yon

of Promos and Cassandra.

Be. You are pleasant syz, but with spedē I pray,
You aunswe're meē, I was charged not to stay.
Phal. Because I know, you haue all things currant,
They shall stand where they shal no biewers want:
How say you to the ende of Ducke Alley?
Be. There all the beggers in the towne wilbe.
Phal. O, most attendaunce is, where beggers are,
Farewell, away.
Be. I wyl your wyll declare. Exit.

Actus. I. Scena. 6.

phallax, Two men, apparelled, lyke greene men at the
Mayors feast, with clubbes of fyre worke.

Phal. This geare sadgeth now, that these fellowes peare,
Friendes where waight you?
First. In Iesu's streeete to keepe a passadge cleare,
That the King and his trayne, may passe with ease.
Phal. O, very god,
Second. Dought else syz, do you please?
Phal. No, no: about your charge.
Both. We are gone: Exeunt.
Phal. A syz, heare ia short knowledge, to entertayne a kyng,
But O, O, quid non pecunia? yea, at a dayes warning?
The king in prouision that thought to take vs tardy,
As if we had a yare bene warnd, shall by his welcome set:
I haue yet one chare to do: but soft, heare is Rosko,
I must nedes delyuer him a messadge before I goe.

Actus. I. Scena. 7.

Rosko, phallax.

Ros. I sayth, I haue noble newes for Lamia,

Phal. Nay soft, friend Rosko, take myne in your way.

W.i.

Ros. Maister

The Historie

Ros. Marster Phallax, D^r sy^r I cry you mercy,
Phal. Rosko with spedē tell thy Mistris from me,
The King straight wayes wyl come to the Cytie:
In whose great trayne there is a company,
Within her house with me shall mery be,
Therefore, soz my sake, wyl her to forsee.
To welcome them, that nothing wanting be,
This is all I wyl, soz want of pleasure.

Exit.

Ros. I wyl not sayle sy^r, to shew your pleasure:
Mary, in sayth, these newes fallē tampe with the rest,
They shalbe welcome and fare of the best:
But altho^{gh} they well syll their bodyes thus,
Their purles will be dyuen to a non plus:
No so^rce a whyt, each pleasure hath his payne,
Better the purce then body starue of thayne.
Well, I wyl trudge, my welcome newes to tell,
And then abyde, good company to smell.

Exit.

Actus. I. Scena. 8.

*Corninus the King, Cassandra, two counsellors.
And Vdilao, a young noble man.*

K Yng. Cassandra, we draw neare unto the towne,
So that I wyl that you from vs depart:
Tyll furher of our pleasure you doe heare.
Yet rest assur'd, that wyched *Promos*,
Shall abide such punishment, as the world,
Shal hould me. tust, and cleare the of offence.
Cas. Dread soueraigne, as you wyl, Cassandra goeth hence. *Exit.*

King. I playnely se, it tendes to great behone,
That Princes oft do bavle their eares to heare,
The misers playnt: for though they doe appoynt,
Such as they thynke will Justice execute,
Autho^rity is such a commaunder.

80,

of Promos and Cassandra.

As where as men by office beareth sway,
If they their rule by conscience measure not,
The pore mans ryght is ouercome by myght.
If loue or hate from Justice leade the Judge,
Then money sure may overrule the case.
Thus one abuse is cause of many moe:
And theresoze none in Judges ought to be,
How Rulers wrong, fewe tales are told the King:
The reason is, their potter kēpes in awe
Such men as haue great cause so to complayne.
If Cassandra her godes, nay, lyse preferd,
Before revenge of Promos trechery:
I had not knowne me, his detestable rape,
The whiche he socht to saue her brothers lyse.
And furthermoze, Andragois rauosome payde,
I had not knowne he put him vnto death:
For when (good soule) she had this treason tolde,
Through very shame her honour so was spoyld:
She deuise her knyfē to wound her selfe to death.
Whose ptytious plyght, my hart prouockt to wazh,
At Promos wyles:
So that to vse indiffereney to both,
Euen in the place where all these wronges were done:
My selfe am come, to syt vpon the cause:
But see where Promos and the Mayor waight,
To welcome me with great solemnity:
With chārecol shewe I shadowe wyll the hate,
I beare to him soz his insolency:
Perhaps I may earne moe of his abuse,
Whereby the more his punishment may be.
Come my Loys, to the Towne haste we apace:
All speake. We all are prest, to wayght vpon your Grace;

H.ij

Actus.

The Historic

Actus. I. Scena. 9.

*Promos, Maior, three Aldermen, in red Gownes, vwith a Sword
bearer, awayghtes the Kinges comminge.*

Promos, his briefe Oration.

Ro. Renowned King, lo here your faithful subiects preall to shew
The loyall duetie, which (in ryght) they to your highnesse owe.
Your presence, cheares all sorts of vs: yet ten times more we ioye,
You thinke vs stoorde, our warning shott, soz to receyue a Roye.
Our wyll, is such, as shall supplie, I trust in vs all want,
And where god wyll the welcome gaves, prouision syd is scant.
Loe, this is all: yea, soz vs all, that I in wordis bestowe,
Your Maiestie, our further zeale, in ready deedes shall knowe.
And first, dreade King, I render you, the sworde of Justice heare,
Whiche as your Lieutenant I trust, vprightlie I dyd heare.

The King delyuers the Sworde, to one of his Counsell.

K Ing. *Promos, the god report, of your god government I heare,*
At the leaſt, the god concepte, that towards you I bearē:
To incourage you the moore, in Justice to perſeaner.
Is the cheſe cauſe, I dyd addreſſe, my progreſſe heaſter.
Pro. I thanke your Highnesſe.

The Maior preſentes the King, with a fayre Purſe.

M A. Renowned King, our ready wylles to ſerve,
In your behalfe, our goddes (nay lyres) to ſpende:
In all our names, I ſratle here bestowe
On your Highnes, this Purſe: unto this ende,
To poſſeſſe your moſt Royall Maiestie,
In all our wealth, thereto bounde by duetie.
Kin. Your great god wyls, and gyfts with thanks I take:
But keþe you ſtill, your goddes, to do you good.

of Promos and Cassandra.

It is inough, and all that I do craue,
If nedes compels for your and our safety,
That you in part your p[ro]ffers large performe:
And so; this time as outward shoures make p[ro]phe[te],
It is inough (and all that I desire)
That your harts and tongues (alyke) byd me welcome.
All. Lord preseare your Matessy.

¶ Fiue or sixe, the one halfe men, the other vyomen, neare vnto the Musick, singing on some stage, erected from the ground: During the first parte of the song, the King faineth to talke sadlie vwith some of his Counsell.

The Kings Gentleman Vsher. Forewards my Lozdes,

They all go out leysurable vwhile the rest of the Song
is made an ende.

Actus.2.Scena.1.

Lamia the Curtizan.

L.A. The match goes harde, which rayseth no mans gaine,
The vertue rare, that none to vice maye w[re]ast:
And sure, the Lawe, that made me late complaine:
Allureth me, many a wanton geast:
Dames of my Trade, shutte vp their chappes so; feare,
Their stiffe you'd Contra formam Statu[er]:
Then I, which lycent[er] am, to sell fine ware:
Am lyke to be well customed perdy:
And no[n]e Lytie serues, least custome alter fayle,
At hyest rate, my Toyes I ballue must:
Let me alone, to set my Toyes to sale:
Pong Rusters I, in saith, wyll serue of trust.

V iii

W ho

The Historie

Who wayes me not, him wyll I sayne to lone,
Who loues me once, is lyned to my heast:
My cullers some, and some shall weare my glove,
And he my harte, whose payment lykes me best.
And here at hande are customers I trowe,
These are the friendes of phallax, my swarte friende:
Holve wyll I go, and set my wares to shewe,
But let them laugh, that wynneth in the ende. *Exit.*

Athus.2.Scena.2.

Apio and Bruno, Two Gentlemen straungers, with Rosko.

Apio. Come on god friende: where dwels Lady *Lamia*?
Ros. Even by Syr.
Apio. Well then, go thy waye,
Shewe who sent vs, and what our meaning is:
Least she not knowing vs, do take amys.
That thus boldlye we come to visite hir.
Ros. No bolder then welcome, I warrant you Sir.
Bruno. Well, thy message do:
Ros. I go. *Exit.*

Fowre *V*women brauelic apparelled, sitting singing in *Lamiae* vwindowe, with wrought Smockes, and Cawles, in their hands, as if they were a vvorking.

The
Quyre.

If pleasure, be treasure,
Apio. Harke.
The golden worlde is here, the golden worlde is here.
Refuse you, or chuse you:
But welcome who drawes neare, but welcome who drawes neare.

Bruno. They be the *Muses* sure,
Apio. Nay, Syrens lute.

Her:

of Promos and Cassandra.

First singes. Here lyues delyght,

Second sin. Here dyes despight:

These both. Desyre here, hath his wyll.

Third sin. Here Loues relief,

Fourth sin. Destroyeth griefe:

Last two. VVhich carefull hartes doth kyll.

Bruno. Attende them stylle.

Apio. That, as you wyll.

First singes. Here wysh in wyll, doth care destroye,

Second sin. Playe here your fyll, we are not coye:

Third sin. VVhich breedes much yll, we purge annoy,

Fourth sin. Our lyues here stylle, we leade in ioye.

The Quyre. If pleasure, be treasure,

The golden worlde is here, the golden worlde is here:

Refuse you, or chuse you,

But welcome, who comes neare, but welcome, who comes neare.

First. VVanton drawe neare.

Second. Taste of our cheare:

Both. Our Cates are fine and sweete.

Thirde. Come be not coye,

Fourtb. To worke your ioye:

The last We fall wyll at your feete.

Two. Bruno. A, god kinde woynes:

Apio. Hartie,

First. Lo, here we be, good wyll which moue,

Second. We lyue you see, for your behoue:

Thirde. Come we agree, to let you proue.

Fourtb. VVithout a fee, the fruites of Loue.

The quire If pleasure, be treasure, the golden worlde is here, etc.

All.

Bruno. Upon

The Historie

Bruno. Upon this large warrant, we may benter,
The doore opes alone, come, let vs enter.
Apol. Agrāde.

Enter a *Sergeaunt* bearing a Mace, another *Officer*, with a
Paper, lyke a Proclamation; and with them the *Cryer*,

Officer. Cryer, make a noyse.

Cry. Ay yes. And so thrise.

Off. All manner of personnes, here present,

Cry. All manner of personnes, here present.

Off. Be sylent, on payne, of imprisonment,

Cry. Be sylent, on payne, of imprisonment.

The Officer readeas the Proclamation.



Oruinus, the hye, and myghtie King, of Hunga-
rie, and Boēmia: Unto all his louing Subiects
of Iulio, sendeth greeting.

And therwithall, giveth knowledge, of his
Princelie fauour, towards every sort of them.

First, if any person, Officer, or other, hath wronged any
of his true subiects, by the corruption of brybes, affecting
or not fauoring, of the person: through usurrie, extortion,
wrong imprisonment: or with any other vniust practise:
His Maistrie wylles the partie so grieved, to repayre to
Syp Ulrico, one of his highnesse priuie Counsell: who (fin-
ding his, or their inturies) is comaunded, to certifie them,
and their proose, unto the Kings maistrie: where incont-
nentlie, he wyl order the controuersie, to the release of the
partie grieved, and the punishment of the offenders.

Further, if any of his saith, ull subiectes, can charge any
person, Officer, or other, with any notable or haynous of-
fence

of Promos and Cassandra.

fence: as Treason, Murther, Sacriledge, sedicion: or with any such notorious cryme: for the safetie of his Royal person, benefyte and quiet of his Realme, and subiectes. On fridaye next, his most excellent Majestie (with the advise of his honorable Counsell) wyl in open Court syt, to heare and determine, all such offences. Therfore he strayghtlie chargeth all and euerie of his subiectes, that knowe any such haynous offenders: one the sorenamed daye, that he present, both the offender, and his faulfe. Dated at his Royall Court, in Iulio, the 6. of Februarie,

God save the King. Execne.

Actus. 2. Scena. 4.

Rosko.

Ro. S^ee howe we are crost: we thought the King for pleasure,
Came to visite vs: when to his paine,
And our plagues, I feare he bestowes his leysure.
To heare the wronges, of such as wyl complaine
Of any man: But the sport is to see
Us Officers, one loke of another:
I at Lo:de Promos, Lo:de promos at me,
The Lawiers, at the Shrieke and Major.
They gale asmuch on the ruling Lawier,
For to be plaine, the clearest of all,
Peccauis syng, to heare the grieuous call,
Against Misarie, bybrie, and barrating,
Suborning, extozion, and boulstring.
Some faultes are hearde, some by Proclamation laye,
Before the King, to be hearde on Fridaye.
I yet haue scapte, and hope to go scotfree:
But so, or no, whylest leysure serues mee.

31

To

The History

To haue my awnswers fre sh if I be cauld,
Of merry mates, I haue a meetynge Gauld,
To whome my sences, to refresh I wend,
Whi ho gettys a pace as mervy may spend.

Exe.

Actus. 2. Scena. 5.

Sir Ulrico, with diuers papers in his hand, two poore
Cityens, soliting complayntes.

V L. As thou complaynst, agaynst all equity,
Houldes Phallax thy house, by this extremity?
First. Yea sure, and he hath bound me so subtylly,
As lesse you helpe, lawe yeldes me no remedy.
V L. Well, what say you? is Phallax mony payd?
Se. Haue syue pound syz:
V L. For which your bond is layde.
Se. Pay mary, the same I would gladly pay,
But my bonde so; the forseyt he doth stay.
V L. Summum Ius, I see, is Summa Iniuria:
So these wronges must be salued some other way.
First. Yea, moze then this, most men say:
V L. What?
First. To be playne, he kēpes Mistris Lamia,
V L. Adomyt he doe, what helpe have you by thist?
Se. Yes mary, it p̄oues, a double knaue he is:
A couetous churle, and a lecher too.
V L. Well, well, honest men, for your witnesse go,
And as on p̄rose, I synde your iuries.
So I wyl moue, the king for remedyes.
Both. We thanke your honour. Exeunt.
V L. Tys moze then straunge, to see with honest how,
What swolde deceytes, lewde officers can hyde;
In every case, their craste, they colour so,
As syll they haue, stryckt lawe vpon their side.

These

of Promos and Cassandra.

These cunning Thēnes, with lawe, can Lordships steale,
When for a cheape, the ignorant are trust:
Yea, who more rough, with small offenders deale.
When these false men, to make themselues seeme just?
The strant Phallari, was prayled in this,
When Perillus the brasen torment made:
He founde the wretched, strayght wayes in some amys,
And made him first, the scourge thereof take:
A just reward for such as doe present
An others fault, himselfe, the guiltyest man.
Well, to our weale, our gratiouse king is bent,
To take these theves, to ble what meanes he can.
But as at Cheastes, though skylfull players play,
Skyllesse bewers, may see, what they ompt:
So though our king, in searching Judgement may.
Cesse at their faultes, which secret wronges commit:
Yet for to judge, by truelth, and not by ame,
My selfe in cheefe, his highnesse doth auctorise,
On p^ryme for to returne who merlys blame,
And as I lynde, so he himselfe will punish:
So that to ble, my charge indyfferently,
My Clyents wronges, I wyll with wytnesse trye.

As he is going out, *Pimos*, a young gentleman speakes to him.

Actus. 2. Scena. 6.

PI. Sir Ulrico, I humbly crave to know,
What god successe: my honest late ensuise
VI. Master Pimos, in herte, the same to shewe,
I feare, you both, my order wyll refuse:
Lyros, that thinkes he genes more then he should,
And you, for that, you have not, what you would,
PI. It shall goe hard, if that your award mislikes me.
VI. Wel, goe with mee, and you the same shall see:
PI. I waight on you.

Exeunt.

I. ij

Actus.

The History

Actus 3. Scena. 1.

phallax.

PHal. My troubled hart with guiltynesse agred,
Lyke syze doth make my eares and cheeke to glow:
God Graunt I scape this blarke day vntrepreud.
I care not how the game goe to morrow.
Well, I wyll set a face of brasse on it,
And with the rest, vpon the King attend:
Whi ho even anon wyll heare in Judgement syt,
To heauen or hel some officers to send.
But soft, a prayze, *Gripax and Rapax* I see,
A share of their venture belongs to me.

Actus 3. Scena. 2.

Gripax, Rapax, Promoters, John Adroynes,
A Clowne, phallax.

John. Day, god honest promoters let mee go.
Gri. With John Adroynes, we must not leauue you so:
What? an ould hobclunch a wanton knaue?
You shal to the King.
John. Harry John Adroynes God saue:
The king? why he wyll not looke of poore men.
Ra. Yes, yes, and wyll spye a knaue in your face.
John. Wyll he so? then, god you be gone apace.
Gri. And why?
John. Least in my face, he spye you too,
Phal. Haue you seen a dawe, bebob two crowes so?
Ra. Well, come awaie syz patch.
John. Leane, or by God yle scratch.

They

of Promos and Cassandra.

They fawle a fightyng.

Gri. What wilst thou so?

John. Yea, and byte too.

Gri. Helpe Rapax, play the man.

John. Nay, do both what you can.

Phal. If that in bobs, they bargayne be,

In sayth they share alone so me.

Ra. What bytest thou hobclunch,

John. Yea, that chull, and punch.

Gri. O Lord God, my hart.

John. Unnaues, ile make you fart.

Ra. Woulde thy hands lob,

John. Fyft, take this bob.

Phal. To parte this fraye, it is hye tyme, I can tell,

My promoters else of the rosse wyll smell.

Ra. O, my neck thou wylt breake.

John. Yea, Gods ames, cryst thou creake?

Phal. How now my friends! why what a stir is this?

Gri. Harry.

Phal. What?

John. Care they part, ye make them pys.

Phal. Woulde no more blowes.

John. Unnaues, this honest man thanke,

That you scape so well.

Phal. Friend be not so cranke,

I am on officer, and meane to knowl:

The cause, why you brauld thus, before I goe:

Your bobs shew, that the same, you best can tell.

Ra. I woulde your worship, felt the same as well,

I then am sure, this blockhedded slauie,

Ffor both his faultes, double punishment shoule have.

Phal. What faultes?

Ra. Harry,

John. He wyll lyke a dogge;

Phal. How now you curle, your tongne, would haue a clog,

Say on:

The Historic

Ra. To shewe his fift, and chieself saughte:
His fathers made, and he are naught.

John. What I?

Ra. I.

John. By my Grandfires soule, you lye.

Phal. Peace:

Friende, for this faulte, thou must dye.

John. Dye, Learde sauve vs; you sawde knaue, ple bnm yte:
For reforming a lye, thus against mee.

Phal. Tush, tush, it helpeth not: if they can proue this.

Gri. For some profe, I sawe him and the Maide kys.

John. Can not soke kys: but they are naught by and by.

Phal. This presumption friende, wyl touch the Shrowdise:

If thou scape with life, be thou sure of this,

Thou shalt be terrible whyppe, for this kys.

John. Whyppt, mary God shielde, chy had rather be hangde:

Ra. Growle nowle, come to the King.

John. Arte not well bangde.

Phal. Well, god fellowes, lets take vp this matter.

Gri. Say first John Adroines, shalbe trust in a halter.

Phal. Whyp: helpes it you, to see the pore man whypte

I praye you friendes, for this tyme let him go.

John. Stande byll, and chull, whether they wyl or no:

Ra. Say, but we charge him, in the Kings name, staye the.

Phal. Warke honest man, I warrant the set frée:

Grease them wel l,intheir handes, and speake them sayze:

John. O Leard God, our fallowe potte is not here.

Phal. Tush, clawe them with money:

John. Whyp so, my nayles are sharpe.

Phal. Isse, for Clownes, pans Pype, is master, the Apollos Harpe:

They can skyll of no Musicks, but plaine Song.

Gri. I praye lets goe, we tryse tyme too long:

Phal. Strayght.

Cockes sonle knaue, stoppe his mouth with money.

John. O, I ken you nowle syr, chy crie you mercie.

Ra. Come on slouch, wylt please you be iogging hencce

John. Here is all, tenne shyllinges, and thytene pence.

Phal. Warke

of Promos and Cassandra.

Phal. Barke ye my friendes.

Gri. We must not let him goe.

Phal. Barke once more.

John. Give them the money.

Phal. It shall be so.

Ra. Well, althoingh he deserues great punishment,

For your sake, for this tyme we are content:

John Adroines farewell, henceforth be honest,

And for this faulte, wyll passe it oze in feast.

Exeunt.

John. Then gives our money.

Phal. Why?

John. Wher, they dyd but ieast:

Phal. Pea, but they tolke thy money in earnest. *Exit.*

John. Art gone, nowe the Dewle choake you all with it:

Howe thy kille againe, the knanes haue caught me wyt.

But by Saint Anne, chy do see burlady:

Men maye do what them woll, that haue money.

Ich surely had bene whipt, but for my golde,

But chull no more, with smouches be so bolde.

Pea, and ych wysh all Louers to be Wyse,

There be learing knaves abroade, haue Caltes eyes:

Why, by Gods bozes, they can bothe see and marke,

If a man steale, but a smouch in the darke.

And nowe the wozde is growne, to such iollie spye:

As if tolke dw kyssle, the're naught by and by.

Well, ych wyll home, and tell my Father Droyne:

Howe that, two theues robd mee of my Coyne. *Exit.*

Enter the King, promos, Ulrico, Maior, Gonsago, Phallax, with two other attendantes.

King. Sir Gonsago, is that we henceforth heare,

With will, or wealth, you doe our subiects wronge:

Tolke not agayne, this fauour for to fynde;

We vse this grace, to wyn you to amende:

If not, our wrath shall feare you to offend.

God spedē you.

Gonsago, doth reverence and departeth.

King. 3

The Historie

Kyng. I see by prooife, that true the prouerbe is,
Wyght maisters right, wealth is such a canker,
As woundes the conscience, of his Maister,
And devoures the hart of his pooze neyghbour.
To cure which soze, Justice his p^ryme must pyne,
Whiche Justice ought in Princes most to shine;
And syt subiects lyue by their princes law,
Whose lawes in cheele, the ryche shoule keepe in awe:
The pore in w^ronges, but sldome doth delygght,
They haue inuffe, soz to defende their right:
It much behoues the maker of these lawes,
(This mony findes in them, so many slawes)
To see his lawes, obser^de as they are ment:
Or else god lawes, wyll turne to euyll intent.
Well, ere I leaue, my poozest subiects shall,
Both lyue, and lyke: and by the richest Cawill,

Pro. Regarded and most mighty Prince, your clemency herein,
Whose harts, your rule, commands through feare to faithful loue shal
VI. Renowmed king, I am soz to complaine, (win.
Of phallax, Lord promos secondary,
Whose hainous w^ronges many pooze men doth paine,
By me, who pray, your higbnes remedy.

Kyng. By Lord promos, it semes you rule at large,
Wheren as your clarkes are offisers vniust.

Pro. Dread king, I thinke, he can these w^ronges discharge.

Kyng. Doe you but thinke syz: a sore speare to trust:

A dum death, and blynde Judge, can do as much:

Well, well, God graunt, your owne lyfe, byde the tutch.

Sy; Vlrico, your complaynt contynew:

VI. Gratiouse King, his w^ronges be these innew:

Fyrest phallax, is a common Barriter,

In office, a lewde extortioneer:

The crafty man, oft puts these w^ronges in vre,

If pooze men haue, that lykes his searching eye,

He sheweth gould, the needy soules to lore:

Whiche if they take, so fast he doth them tye,

That

of Promos and Cassandra.

That by some bonde, or covenant so sayed,
They are inforst (farre beneath the ballew)
To let him haue what his eye conycted:
And so to proue, that this report is true,
I shewe no more, then witnesse prou'd by oþer,
Whose names and handes defendts it heare as troþy,

Vlrico deliuers the King a writing with names at it.

King. How now *Promos*? how thinke you of your man?
Use both your wyttes, to cleare him if you can.

Pro. Dread King, my hart to heare his faultes doþ bleede.

King. Howe farðe it then, to suffer it indeade?

If dyde, I trowe, or now you speake in iest:

Thy Master's mate þallax, I bould it best

That thou speake, for thy selfe.

Phal. I humbly craue,
Of your grace, for aunswere, respyl to haue.

King. Why? to deuile a cloke to hyde a knaue?

Friend, veritas non querit angulos,

And is your selfe, you on your truthe repose,

You may be bould, these faultes for to deny,

Some, lyttel care, vpon their oþers to lye:

See if any in your behalfe will swaere.

Phal. O Lord God, is there no knygþtes of the poste haue?

Well, then of force, I must sing peccari.

And crye out ryght, to the king for mercy.

O King, I am, in faulce, I must confessle,

The which I wyll with repentaunce redresse.

King. Thy confession, doþ me yf some lauour,

But repentaunce payes not thy pore neyghbour:

Wherfore, say *Vlrico*, dis gods seale you,

And those he wrong'd, restore you, to their due.

Vl. Looke what he gettes, most thynke, he walkes straþt waye,

Apon a leatwe harlot, named *Lamia*:

So that his gods, wyll scarce pay every night.

King. Wher naught is left, the king must lose his right.

The Historie

Pay as you may. I bould if no offence,
If eache pay somewhat for experiance:
But by the way, you rule the slyt well,
That suffer, by your nose, such names to dwell,
And now phallax, thy further penaunce ys,
That forthwith, thou do resigne thy office
Klrico, to his account lykewise, see.

VI. If shalbe done.

King. phallax, further heare me:
Because thou didst, thy faultes at first confesse,
From punishment, thy person I release:
Phal. I most humbly, do thanke your maiestie.
Pro. Ah, but alas, Cassandra heare I thee.

Cassandra in a blewe gowne, shadowed with black.

Cas. I woud y teares, myght tel my tale, I bhave so much my fail,
Dy else, Lord promos lewdnes Bowen, would death woudle ende my
Pro. Welcomme my sweete Cassandra.
Cas. Purdous varlet, away.
Renowmed King, I pardon crame, for this my bould attempt,
In preasing thus so neate your grace, my sorrow to present,
And least my soe, false promos heare, doe interrupt my tale,
Graunt gratioun King, that uncontrouled, I may report my bale.
King. How now promos? how lyke you, of this song?
Say on sayre dame, I long to heare thy wroong.
Cas. Then knowe dredit souerayne, that he this donne di geue
That my Brother, soz wantonnesse shoud lose his headz
And that the mayde, which lind, shoud ever after lyue
In some religious houle, to sorrome her misdafe:
To save my brother iug'd to dye, with teares, I sought to mous
Lord promos hark, to shew him grace: but he with lawles loue,
Was syzed by and by; ana knowyng hercility,
To save my brothers lyfe, woud make me yeld to much.
He crav'd this tairstome, to haue my virginitie:
No teares could worke restraint, his wicked lust was such.
Two enys here were, oyle mist I chuse, though bad wers very bery.

To

of Promos and Cassandra.

To se my brother put to death, or graunt his letwde reqwest:
In fyne, subdude with naturall loue, I dib agree,
Upon these two poyntes:that marry mee he shoud,
And that from prison byle, he shoud my brother free.
All this with monstrosous othes, he promised he woud.
But D this periurd promos, when he had wroght his wyll,
Fyrt cast me of:and after causd the Tailer soz to kill
My brother, raunsomde, with the spoule of my god name:
So that soz companting, with such a hellish feende,
I haue condemnde my selfe to weare these weedes of shame:
Whose cognisance doth shewe, that I haue(flechly)and.
Loe thus, hic and renowned king, Cassandra endes her tale,
And this is wicked promos that hath wroght her endles bale.
King. If this be true, so fowle a deede, shall not vnpunischt goe,
How layst thou promos, to her playnte? arte giltye? yea, or no?
Why speakest thou note a fawltie harte, thy scilence sure doth shewe.
Pro. My gilty harte commaunds my tongue, D king, to tell a troth,
I doe confesse this tale is true, and I deserue thy wrath.
King. And is it so: this wicked deede, thou shalt ere long buy deare,
Cassandra, take comfort in care, be of good cheere:
Thy forced fault, was free from euill intent,
No long,no shame, can blot thee any way.
And though at ful, I hardly can content thee,
Yet as I may, assure thy selfe I wyl.
Thou wycked man,might it not thee suffise,
By worse then force, to spoule her chastite,
But heaping sinne on sinne against thy oth,
Haste cruelly,her brother done to death.
This over pzoose, ne can but make me thinke,
That many waies thou hast my subiectes wronges
For how canst thou with Justice vsr thy swaies,
When thou thy selfe dost make thy will a lawe.
Thy tyrranny made mee this progresse make,
How so, for spot till nowe I coloured it
Unto this ende,that I might learne at large,
What other wronges by power, thou hast wroght,

B ii

And

The Historie

And here I heare; the Ritchie suppreesse the poore:
So that it seemes, the best and thou art friendes:
I plasse thee not, to be a partiall Judge.
Thy Officers are covetous I finde,
By whose reportes, thou ouer rulest sutes:
Then who that genes, an Item in the hande,
In ryght, and wrong, is sure of god successe.
Well, Warlet, well: to lowe I bether came,
To scourge, thy faultes, and salue the sores thou mad'st:
On this byle wretche, this sentencce I pronounce.
That forthwith, thou shalt marrie Cassandra,
For to repayre his honour, thou dyd'st waste:
The next daye thou shalt lose thy hated lyfe.
In penaunce, that thou mad'st his Brother dye.
Pro. My faultes were great, O King, yet graunt me mercie,
That nowe with bloody sighes, lament my sinnes to late.
King. *Hoc facias alteri, quod tibi vis fieri:*
Pittie was no place Syr, when you in iudgement safe,
Prepare your selfe to dye, in basne you hope for lyfe.
My Lordes, bring him with me: Cassandra come you in like case.
My selfe wyl fxe, thy honour salu'd, in making thee his wife,
The sooner to shorzen his dayes.
All the company. *We wylte byyn your Grace.*

¶ As the King is going out, a Poore man shall kneele
in his waye.

K. Yng. Byz Ulrico, I wyld, Commission should be made,
To Syr Anthony Alberto, and Justis Diron,
To heare and determine, all sutes to be had:
Betwene Paister Prostre, and this pore man is it done?
Ulrico. Renowned King, it is ready:
King. Repayre to Syr Ulrico, for thy Commission:
All. God preseverue your Matelste.

They all depart, save the Clowns.

Clowne. Bones

of Promos and Cassandra.

Clow. Bones of me, a man were better speak to great Lordes thy selfe,
Then to our proude, Justlers of peace, that byn in the cuntry:
He that is ryght, as my dame sayd, goeth away with the Mare.
This two yere, they haue had my master, & yet chan nere hym selfe,
And at fyrst dash, a god satte Lorde, God in heauen save his life,
Fayth, for nothing, told the King of Was proffres, and my strife.
Deard, ych thought the King could not hide, on poure men to loke,
But God save his Grace, at syss dash, my Supplycation he take:
And you hard, holm gently, he calld me poure man, and wild me goe,
For my Pasport, I knewe not what, to godlyr Virico.
Well, chull goe soft, and hope to be with Master proffres to bring:
But ere yeh goe, chal my Ballat, of god King Corines sing.

The Clownes Song.

You Barrons bolde, and lustie Lads,
Prepare to welcome our good King,
Whose comming so his Subiectes glads,
As they for ioye, the Belles doo ryng.
They frysk, and skippe, in euerie place,
And happy he, can see his face,
Whoso checks the ryght, that wrong by mighty
And helpes the poore, vnto his right.

The loue that rygour gettes through feare,
With grace and mercie, he doth wyn:
For which we praye thus, euerie where,
Good Lorde presse our King Coninal
His fauour raignes, in euerie place:
And happy he, can see his face. *Exit.*

K.ij

Actus.

of Promos and Cassandra.

Actus.4.Scena.2.

Actus.4.Scena.2.

Anafagis, as out of the wooddes, with Bowe and

Arrows, and a Cony at his gyrdle.

Hydaine thidby this, you ar in me gladd me erthe and ther.

AN. This savage life, were hard to blyve, if I hope no choyre gauen:

But I (whose life, fr̄d Tyrants wylsh). Gods prouidence did save,

Do take in worth this misery, as penaunce for my mys:

Stil fed with hope to change this stase, when Gods god pleasure is.

A hollow Cave so; house, and bed, in wylsh. And hole tables,

Such sorie lode, as fortune sendes, be sydonie nowe my laker.

I am my selfe sorwithe, noye Butcher, Cooke, Cater and all:

Pea, often tymes I fall to sleepe, with none, or supper small.

Then in my Denne, I call to minde, the lyfe I lyved in blise:

And by the want I freedome lidge, the greatest love that is.

The freeman is in viewe of friendes, to haue relacie in neede.

The exyle, though he haue no lacke, yet lyues he lyght in exiles,

That his rayldedes, wyll hardly scape, the punishment of lawe;

And lyuing, he mere bastor dead, that lyued in this aye.

Bessdes this feare, whiche heþer sayles, the batelsh man in want,

As oste he is, is sure to finde his succour, be he leant.

When who is he so mad, that friendes and freedome doþ enjoye?

That wyll aduenture breach of lawe, to lyve in this annoye?

And not annoye to him alone, but to his friendes and kyn:

Great be the cares, Cassandra, and Polina lyueth in.

Whrough thought, of me, whom long agone, they headed ther suppose,

For my offence, thus are they scorched, yet dare I not distroye

My safetie, for their helpe: but harke, who committeth heret?

This chaunce semes strange: God graunt god newes, I hope, and

(yet I feare,

John Adroynes,

The Historie

John Adroynes a Clowne, Andrusie.

John. If she could finde my Mare, she would be rusty by the rood,
And cham sure the horecup, is peaking in this wood.
Chy wyl seke every corner, but the wyll find her.

He whistlyng lookes vp and downe the stage.

An. This clowne can hardly mee bewray, and yet such dunghyll
Such newes, as is in market tounes, about the country whozelles.

What seekes thou god fellow?

John. My squawde spare, doth her know?

An. No.

John. Then scummer me not, in haste ych goe,

Seke my Mare, to see the sport at Laho.

An. What sport?

John. A lyttel sport.

An. What?

John. Say lkyll not a whit?

An. What meanes this alle?

John. I wyll seache the horecup wry,

Yll hang, handlome young men for the soote sinnes of loue,

When so his knauery, him selfe, a bawdy tack doth prove.

An. His wordes semeth straunge, somwhat is a wry.

John. Wel, chyll see his shoulders, from's towle to sye,

An. Whose shoulders friend?

John. As though you dyd know.

An. Whomoe?

John. Lord Promos.

An. Yes: my most accursed foe:

But what of him?

John. Thou kenst.

An. No.

John. Saylt not, yes;

An. Yes:

John. So.

An. But

of Promos and Cassandra.

An. But friend thou tookst my wordes amys,

I know nothing, in what state Promos is.

John. Whon knowest, and thou knowest not: but horson sole.

Leane wealynge Cunnynges, and get thēe to seale.

Farewell.

An. Host.

John. O th' arte no sole god thēle:

Sauē my mony take my life.

An. Tush be breefe.

Some newes, of lewde Lord Promos tell me,

And wþt lyfe and mony, yle set thee free.

John. I wyll: thou knowest the King now at Indie.

An. Very well.

John. Thou canst tel as wel as I.

Let us goe:

An. May yle see if thou dost lye.

If thou dost yle libip thee, when thou hast done.

John. Killyng and lyng, ich see is all one:

And chauē no mony, chul tell true therfore.

An. Dispatch then.

John. Then, lyng Promoter, this more:

Cassandra scusde, Promos of honestier

And killyng Rawstrugis so þandy.

An. What more?

John. The king at Promos, great pleasure did take,

And Cassandra, an honest woman to make:

The King maunded him, her strayght to marry,

And so killyng her brother, he muſt dye.

An. Is this true?

John. Whyp: how say you: doe I lye?

An. Well, so oþ noe, for thy newes haue this connie.

John. Gods þoxcs, geue it me, to be swete, tis to cheape,

Bur Lady yet, tyll sunday it will keeve:

Well, now god bwye, mas lyng Promoter,

Wees see at the spoȝt.

An. I peradventure,

The History

John. Since can not finde my Mare, on fote chuli gode:
Vch thinke, each daye a nowre, to be at *Iulie.* Exe.
An. Straunge are the newes, the Clowne hath shoune to me,
Not straunge a whyf, if they well scanned be.
For God we sae, syll thowes the Tyrant downe:
Euen in the heyght, and pride of his renowne.
Lo, de *romo*, rule, nay, tyranny in dede,
For Judges is a mirro, worthy heede.
The wretched man, with howe of Justice zeale,
Throughly dyd, with pore offenders deale.
. The wicked man, both, knewe, and iudg'd, abuse:
And none so much, as he her faultes dyd bte.
He sellons hang'd, yet by extozion, Roales:
He wantons plag'd, himselfe a boating sole.
He others chek't, for suing for their right:
And he himselfe, mayntained wrongs by might.
But sae the rule of mischiefe, in his p[er]se:
He headlong falles, when least, he thought to ride.
Well, by his fall, I maye perhaps aryst:
Andrugio yet, in clyming be thou wyse.
What? syll unknowne, shall I lie in this wode?
Not so.
Go wraye these newes, no doubt, vnto my good,
Yet ere I go, I wyl my selfe disguise,
As in the Towre, in spye of *Linx's* eyes,
I wyl unknowne, leare howe the game doth go,
But ere I go, syth easel is my woe:
Spy thankes to God, I first in song wyl shew:

Andrugios Song.

To thee O Lorde, with harte, and voyce I syng,
Vvhose mercie great, from mone to sweete delight:
From grieve to ioye, my troubled soule doest bring,
Yea, more thy wrath, hath foylde my soule in syght. VVhe

of Promos and Casanara.

VVho sought my lyfe (which thou O God didst saue)
Thy scorge hath brought, vntimelie to his graue.

VVhosse griefe wyll gawle, a thoufande Iudges moe,
And wyll them see, them selues, and sentence iust:
When blacke reproche, this thundring shame shall shooe,
A Judge condeme for murder, thefte, and luste.

This scorge, O God, the lewde in feare wyll bring.
The iust for ioye, thy prayses lowde wyll syng.

Exit.

. Gresco, with three other, with bylles, bringing in Lamia prisoner.

Gref. Come on faire Dame, since faire words, works no hæde,
Nowe fowle meanes shall: in you repentaunce bæde.

La. Maister Gresco, where you maye helpe, hurt not.

Gres. And nothing but chastment, wyll helpe you to amende,

Well, I wyll not hurt you, your lewdnes to defende.

La. By lewdnes syz: what is tis difference,

Bewixt wantons, and boorders of pence?

Gres. Thou hast windē at wyll, but in thy eyes no waker:

Who arte full of Grace, howe she blinsheth at the matter.

La. Howe sample I, your wyfe and daughter syz?

Gres. Are mē, when whypping bath chaung'd thy nature.

La. What whypping: why: am I a Horse, or a Mare?

Gres. No, but a beast, that mettelie well wyll bare.

La. In sāde, as) nowe, perforce, I beare this flowre:

But use me well, else I sayth, gette I out,

Looke so; quittance.

Byl. Blinde her to the Peace syz.

So maye your Wo:ship be out of daunger.

First Bilm

Gres. Bring her away, I knowe howe to tame her.

La. Perhaps syz, no: the worst is but shame her.

Second Bilm

Byl. Come ye dazab.

La. Howe nowe stab: bandes of my Colone.

Byl. Care not so; this, yuse have a vlew one soone.

*Exram. Third Bil.
Cassandra.*

The History

Cassandra.

As; Unhappy Wench, the more I seeke, soz to al undone griefe,
The furder off. I wretched finde, both comfort and relief.
My Brother first, soz wanten faultes, condemned was to drie:
To save whose life, my sute, we caught hope of Grace, but haples I.
By such request, my honest spowld, and gayned not his breath;
For which deceite, I haue periside, Lorde promos unto death.
Who is my Husbande now we became, it please our Soverain to so,
For to repayre my crased fame; but that nowe workes my wo.
This day, he must (oh) lese his head my Brothers death to quyte,
And therin fortune hath alas, shewne me hit greatest spyte.
Nature wylde mee, my Brother loue, nowe dutie commandes mee,
To preferre before kyn, or friend, my Husbandes safetie.
But O, aye mee, by Fortune, I am made his chieffest foe:
I was I als, euuen onely I, that wrought his ouertho.
What shall I do, to worke ameeds, for this my haynous daide?
The tyme is short, my power small, his succors ar eth spade.
And shall I seeke to sauе his blod, that lately sought hit lyfe?
O, yea I then was stwoyne his foe; but nowe as fayrfall wife,
I must and wyl, preferre his health, God sende me god succore:
For nowe unto the King I wyl, my chaunged minde to expresse.

Exe.

Phallax.

PHal. Was ever man, set moe scar then I?
First went my goddes, then my Officer dyd flye:
But had the King, set me free from flattie,
The next deare yeare, I might haue staru'd, perdie.
But Lorde Promos, hath a farrre more scarre chaunce:
He free from Landes, goddes, and Officer doth daunce;
And shalbe free from life, ere long, with a launce.
The Officers, and cheife men of Julio;
Wengeaunce syberall, themselues lykewise shooe.
Vorse knaves, and queanes that vpon and oowne do gor,
These boozlen kindre troule, to boozles bestor.

Bot

of Promos and Cassandra.

Bul yet, poore chere, they haue: marry so; heate,
They whyp them bntyll, verie blood they sweate.
But see, their cost bestowde of syne Lamia,
To laughir teete, from harde bones, and colde waye,
Into a Carte, they dyd the queane conuayre.
Apparelled, in colours verte gaye:
Both Hoode, and Gowne, of greene, and yellowwe Saye.
Hir Garde, ware Cypstaues, all in blewe arraye.
Before hir a noysc of Basons dyd playe.
In this tumphe, she ryd wchll nre a daye.
Fie, fie, the Crie is so purged nowe:
As they of none, but honest men allowe,
So that fare well my parke, of thrawing there:
But the best is, flatters lyue egerie where.
He: cocke ou hope. Domini est terra.
If thou can not where thou wouldest, lyue where thou maye.
Pee, yes phallax, knoweth whether to go.
Pawre God bwyl ye all honest men of Iulio
As the Deuilles lykes, the company of Friers,
Se flatters loues as lyse, to toyne with lyers.

Actus. 5. Scena. I.

Andrugio, disguised in some long blacke Cloake.

AN. These two dapes, I haue bene in Court disguis'd:
Where I haue learn'd, the iorqe that is devil'd,
For Promos faulte, he my Syster spous'd hath,
To salve hir fame, crackt by his breache of sayth.
And shortlie he, must lose his subyll head:
For murdring me, whom no man thinkes but dead.
Hie wyll, was god: and therfore bchre we mee,
If (mon'd with ruthe) I seeke, to set him free.
But softlie, with some newes, these fellowes come:
I wyll stande close, and heare both all and some.

L iiij

AEn.

The Historie

Actus 5. Scena.2.

Enter Ulrico, Marshall.

VL. Marshall, heare you warrant is: with spedē,
The king commaundes, that promos you behead.
Mar. Sir, his highnesse wyl, shalbe forthwith done.
Exe. Marshall.

VI. The king welnye to pardon him was wonne,
His heawy wyfe, such stozmes of teares did shewe,
As myght, with rueth, haue moyst a stony hart.
But promos guylf, dyd soone this grace deuoure.
Our gratiouse king, before he wretched smarke,
Preferd, the helth, of this our common weale:
But se againe, to sue for him she comes.
Her ruthfull looks, her grāfe, both force me to falle:
With hope, I must, bid sorowes nades delay:
Tyll promos be dispachē out of the way.

Actus.5. Scena.3.

Cassandra.

Caſ. By Ulrico, if that my unknotone grāfe,
May moue god mindes, to helpe mee to releſe,
Or bytter syghes, of comfort cleane dismayde,
May moue a man, a chistlesse dame to ayde:
Rue of my teares, from true intent whiche flowe,
Unto the king, with me, yet once more goe.
Se if his grāfe, my husbands lyfe wyl ſauē,
If not, with his, death shall my corps ingrave.
VI. What shall I doe, her sorowes to ocreace?
Feede her, with hope; fayre dame, this mone ſurceale,

of Promos and Cassandra.

I see the king to grace is somewhat bent,
We once agayne thy sozrowes wyll present:
Come we wyl wayght so; tyme, thy fute to shew.
Cas. God knight, for tyme, doe not my fute sozlowe.
Whyls grasse, doth growe ofte sterues the seely dede.
VI. Feare not, your Lo:de, shal not dye with such spede. *Exeunt.*

Enter Andragio.

An. Lord God, how am I tormented in thought
My fisters woe, such ruch in me doth grave:
As sayne I would (if ought save death I caught)
We wray my selfe, Lord Promos life to saue.
But lyfe is sweete, and naught but death I eye,
If that I shoud, my safet y now disclose;
So that I chuse, of both the euels, he dye:
Tyme wyl appease, no dought, Cassandras woes,
And shal, I thus acquite Cassandras louer.
To worke her icy: and shall I feare to dye?
Whyls that she lyne, no comforde may remoue
Care from her harte, if that her husband dye:
Then shall I rycke, to hazard lyve may lise:
To salue her greene, since in my cure it rests.
Say fyre, I wilbe spoyle, with bloodyng knife,
Before, I sayle her, plunged in distres.
Death, is but death, and all in syne shall dye
Thus (being dead) my fame, shall live alway:
Well, to the king, Andragio now wyl bye,
Hap lyfe, hap death, his safety, to bewray.

Exit.

Actus.5.Scena.4.

The Marshall, three or fowre with halbards,
Leading Promos to execution.

BYL. Come friends, what meane you thus to gase on vs,
Accomes behinde, makes all the sport I was.

A Byl.

Pro. Farewel.

The Historie

Pro. Farewell, my friendes, take warning by my fall,
Disdaine my life, but lysten to my ende,
Fresh harmes, they say, the biewers so apall,
As oft they win, the wicked to amend.
I nedes not heare, my faultes at large resyte,
Untimely death, doth witnesse what I was:
A wicked man, whiche made eache wrong steme right,
Euen as I would, was wretched euer y case.
And thus long tyme, I liu'd and rule by wyl,
Wher as I lou'd, their faultes, I would not see:
Those I did hate, teime tymes beyond there yll
I did persue, vyle wretch, with cruelty.
Pea dayly I, from bad, to worse did syde,
The reason was, none durst, controule my lyfe:
But see the fall, of mischēne, in his pride,
My faultes, were knowne, and loe with bloody Are,
The headlesman strayght, my wronges with death wyll quyte:
The which, in worth I take, acknowledging,
The dome, was geuen, on cause, and not on spyte,
Wishing my ende, might serue for a warning.
For such as rule, and make their will a lawe,
If to such god, my faynting tale might tend,
Wretched promos, the same wold lenger drow:
But if that wordes preuyale, my wosull ende
From my huge faultes, then tenne times more wyll warne.
For geuenesse now, of all the wrold I craue,
There with that you, in zealous prayer, wyll
Beseeche of God, that I the grace may haue:
At latter gaspe, the feare of death to kyll.
Mar. Forwards my Lord, me thinkes you fayntly goe.
Pro. O syr, in my case, your selfe wold be as lowe,

Actus.

of Promos and Cassandra.

Actus. 5. Scena. 5.

Enter Cassandra, Polina, and one mayde.

CAS. Aye me, alas: my hope is untimely,
Whether goes my god Lord?

PRO. Sweete wife, to dye.

CAS. O wretched wench, where may I first complayne?

When heauen, and earth, agrees vpon my paine?

PRO. This mone god wife, soz Chrystes sake, soz sake:

I late resolu'd, throught feare of death, now quake.

Not so much, soz my haynous sinnes soz pass:

As soz the grefe that present thou dost tast.

CAS. Nay, I bile wzech, shold most agrēued be,

Before thy time, thy death which hattered haue:

But (O sweete husband) my fault soz geue me.

And soz amends, Ile helpe to fyll thy graue:

PRO. For geue thee, ab; nay, soz my soules relife,

Forget swete wyse, this thy most gytiles grafe.

MAR. My Lord Promos, these playntes, but mone hit mone.

And your more grafe, it is best you ware gone:

God Madame way, by lawe, your Lord both dye,

Wherfore make vertus of necessitie:

Delay, but wozkes your sorowes, and our blamies,

So that now, to the comfort of these dames:

And your wisdom, inforced, we leane you:

My Lord Promos, byd your wife and friends adew.

PRO. Farewell, farewell, be of god cheare deare wyse:

With ioy soz woe, I shall exchange this life.

And rugios death, Polina soz geue me:

POLI. I doe, and pray the Lord, to relæue ye.

CAS. Yet ere we part, sweete husband let vs his,

O, at his lyppes, why sayleth not my breath?

PRO. Leane more, sweete wife, I doe deserue this death.

Farewell, farewell.

¶

They

The Historic

They all depart, saue Polina, Cassandra, and her vwoman.

C. Al. By louing Lord, farewell,
I hope ere long, my soule with thine shall dwell.
Po. Now, god Madame, leue of this bootelesse griefe.
Cas. O Polina, sozroine is my relfe.
Wherfore, swete wenche, helpe me so rue my woe,
With me vyle wretche, thy bytter plaintes bestowe:
To hasten lynngring death, who wanteth might:
I see, alone, to sley, the wretched wight.
Po. Nay, first powre forth your playnts, to the powers Divine,
When hate, doth cloode, all worldy grace, whose mercies syll do
Cas. O so o; no, thy motion doeth wel,
Swan lyke, in song, to towe my passing Bell. (Chne.

The Song of Cassandra.

Deare Dames diuorse, your minds frō ioy, helpe to bewayle my wo,
Condole with me, whose heauy lights, the pangs of death do shooe:
Rend heairs, shed teares, poore wēch distretf, to hast the means to dye,
Vvhose ioye, annoy;relife,whose griefe,hath spoyld with cructie,

My brother slaine, my husband ah, at poynt to lose his head,
Vvhyl lyue I then vnhappy wench,my suckers being dead?
O time, O cryme, O cause, O lawes, that Iudgd them thus to dye:
I blame, you all, my shame, my thrall, you hate that haimelesse trye,

This Tragidy they haue begun,concluce I vvretched must,
O vvelcome care, consume the thread,thereto my life doth trust;
Sound bell,my knell,avvay delaie, and geue mee leue to dye,
Les hope,haue scope vnto my hart, a fresh for ayde to flye,

Enter

of Promos and Cassandra.

Enter Ganio sometime Andrugios Boye.

G.A. O swete newes, for Polina and Cassandra.

Andrugio lyues:

Po. What doth porre Ganio sayes?

Ga. Andrugio lyues: and promos is repriu'd:

Cas. Waine is thy hope, I sawe Andrugio dead.

Ga. Well, then from death, he is againe renyu'd.

Cuen nowe, I sawe him, in the market stede.

Po. His wordes are straunge.

Cas. To swete, God wot, for true.

Ga. I praye you, who are these here in your biewe

Cas. The King.

Ga. Who moze?

Po. D. Ise Andrugio.

Cas. And my Lorde promos, adue sozrowe.

Enter the King, Andrugio, Promos, Ulrico, the Marshall.

Po. My good Andrugio.

An. My swete Polina:

Cas. Lyues Andrugio, welcome swete brother:

An. Cassandra:

Cas. I.

An. Howe fare, my deare systers?

King. Andrugio, you shall haue moze leasure,

To grante one another: it is our pleasure,

That you forthwith your fortunes bere declare,

And by what meanes, you thus preserued weare.

An. My faull, through loue, and iudgement for my faulfe,

Lorde promos wronges, vnto my sister done.

My death supposede, dreade King, were vaine to tell.

Cassandra heare, thole dealinges all bath showne,

The rest are these.

¶ if When

The Historie

When I shoul'd dye, the Tayler mou'd to ruth,
Declard to mee, what wroghts pleasure was:
Amazde wherat, I tolde him all the trueth,
Wh hat, betwene Cassandra, and him dyd passe.
He much agrieu'd, Lorde promos guylt to heare,
Was verie lothe, mee (wofull man) to harme:
At length, iust God, to set me (wretched) cleare,
With this defence, his wylling minde dyd arme.
Two dayes afo're, to death, were diuers done,
For scuerall faultes, by them comisfited:
So that of them, he tolke the head from one,
And to Cassandra, the same presented:
Affirming it, to be his brothers head.
Wh ch done, by night, he sent me post away,
None but supposed, that I indeade was dead:
When as in trueth, in bneouth hauntes I laye.
In fine, a Clowne, came peaking through the wood,
Wherin I lyd, your Graces being here:
And promos death, by whome I vnderstod,
Glad of which newes, howe so I lyud in feare.
I ventured to see his wretched sall:
To free suspect, yet straunger lyke arrayde,
I hether came: but loe, the inwarde th;all
Of Cassandra, the hate, so soze dismayde.
Wh ch I conceyued agaynst my brother promos,
That loe, I cheifly'd, to yeld my selfe to death,
To set him frax: for other wyse I knew,
His death ere long, would sure haue stopt her b;eatn.
Loe gracious king, in b;ese I here haue showns,
Such aduentures, as wretched I haue past:
Beseeching you with grace to thinkie vpon,
The wight that wayles, his follyes at the last.
King. A strange discourse, as straungely come to light,
Gods pleasure is, that thou shouldest pardoned be:
To salue the fault, thou with Polina mad'st,
But marry her, and heare I set thee frax.

¶

of Promos and Cassandra

An. Most gracious Prince, thereto I gladly greet:
Pol. Polina, the happiest newer of all soz ther.
Cas. Most gracious King, with these my ioye to match,
Touchlase, to geue my dampned hysbande lyfe.
King. If I do so, let him thanke thē his Wifē:
Cassandra, I haue noted thy distresse,
Thy vertues eke, from first, vnto the last:
And glad I am, without offence it lyes,
In me to ease, thy grieze, and beautines.
Andrugio sau'd, the iuell of thy ioye,
And soz thy sake, I pardon Promos faulte.
Pea let them both, thy vertues rare commende:
In that their woes, with this deliyght doth endē.
Company. God preserue your Maiestie.
Pro. Cassandra, howe shall I discharge thy duez?
Cas. I dyd, but what a Wifē, shoulde do for you.
King. Well, since all parkes are pleased, as they woulde,
Before I parte, yet Promos, this to thē:
Vencesorth, shewethinke, of thy soxpassed faultes,
And measure Grace, with Justice euermore.
Unto the poore, haue euermore an eye,
And let not might, out countenaunce their right:
Thy Officers, trust not in every tale.
In chiefe, when they are meanes, in strifes and suites,
Though thou be iust, yet coyne maye them corrupt.
And if by them, thou dost vnlustice shewe,
Tys thou shalt beare, the burden of their faultes.
We louing to good Cassandra, thy Wifē:
And friendlie to thy brother Andrugio,
To home I comauand, as saythfull soz to be
To thē, as becommes the dety of a brother.
And now agayne, thy gouernment receyue,
In ioye it so, as thou in Justice ioye.
If thou be wyse, thy fall maye make thee ryse.

The Historie

The lost thē founde, for toye, the feast was made.
Well, here an ende, of my advise I make,
As I haue sayde, be god vnto the pōze,
And Justice toyne, with mercie enermore.
Pro. Most grātious King, I wyll not sayle my best,
In these preceptes, to followe your behast.

FINIS.

G. Whetstone.



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